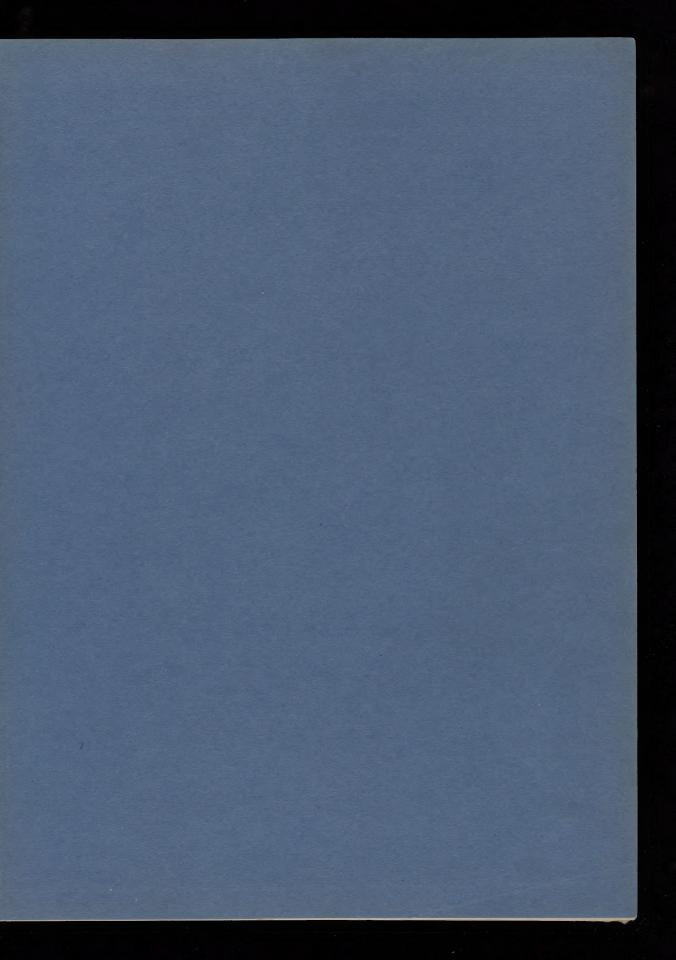
SMALLER ITALIAN VILLAS & FARMHOUSES

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SMALLER ITALIAN VILLAS AND FARMHOUSES



LITTLE VILLA ON THE BRENTA



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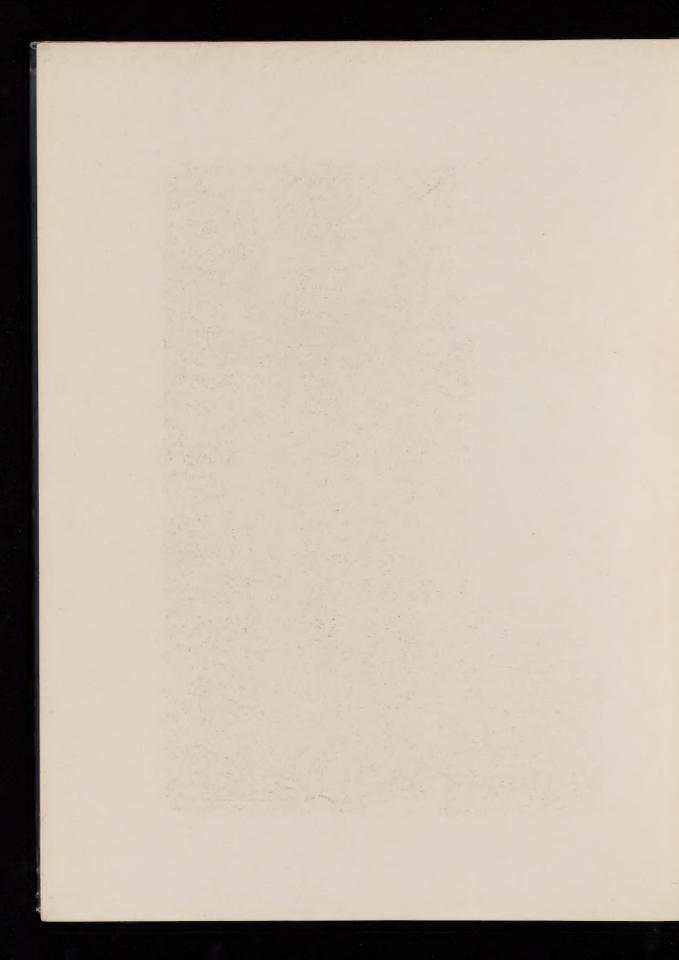
PREFACE

A PREFACE, though published at the beginning of a book, is usually the last thing to be written, and it accordingly leaves the author in a profoundly grateful state of mind. He realizes that much of the credit for what is good in the book is due to the kind assistance others have contributed in various ways. There are many that I would thank—whose help I would gratefully acknowledge.

First and foremost is the companion of all my trips to Italy, who encouraged me and advised me, and showed a kindly patience during the long Italian hours when I sketched, developed photographs, or studied automobile maps and local histories. There are the architects who generously gave the publishers photographs that they themselves had made in Italy;—Charles Z. Klauder and Herbert C. Wise, Thomas H. Fox, Ralph S. Vinal, Edwin S. Dodge. There is E. I. Williams, who made some of the charming pencil sketches, as did H. R. Shurtleff, too.

Though the book consists largely of photographs and sketches of little known villas, it contains, none the less, views and plans of some of the better known and more frequently published ones, and for photographs and plans of these the publishers wish to express their gratitude to all those who have freely lent pictures from their architectural libraries.



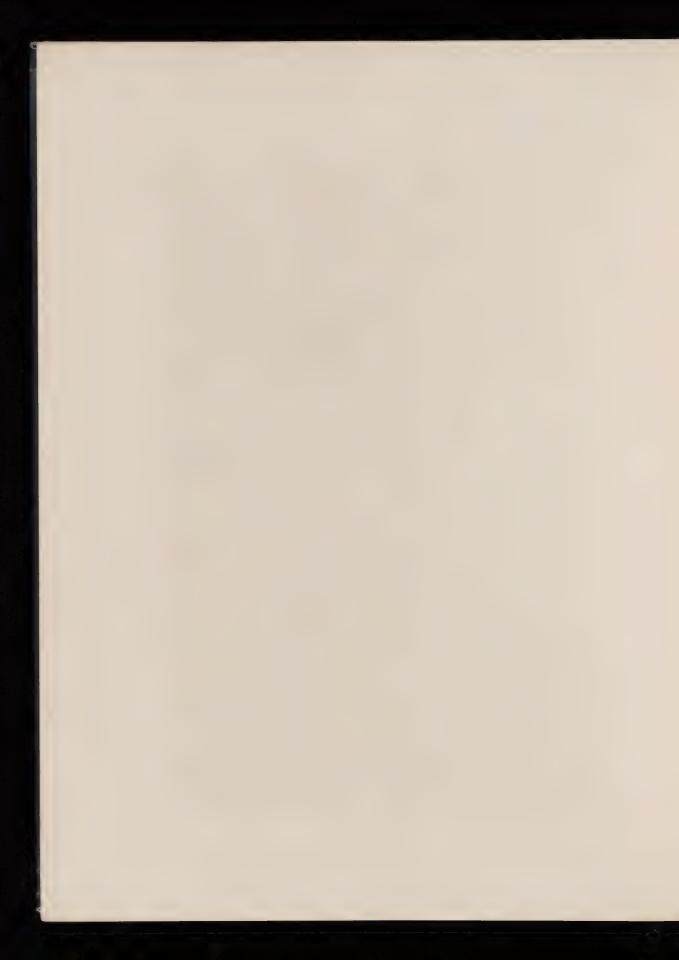




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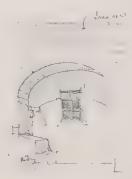
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Farmhouse Well at Stracusa



CHAPTER I

"Wenn wir finden das Vergangene sei gross gewesen, muss es uns aufmuntern, selbst etwas von Bedeutung zu leisten."
"ITALIENISCHE REISE," Geethe.



Lake Como from Bellagio

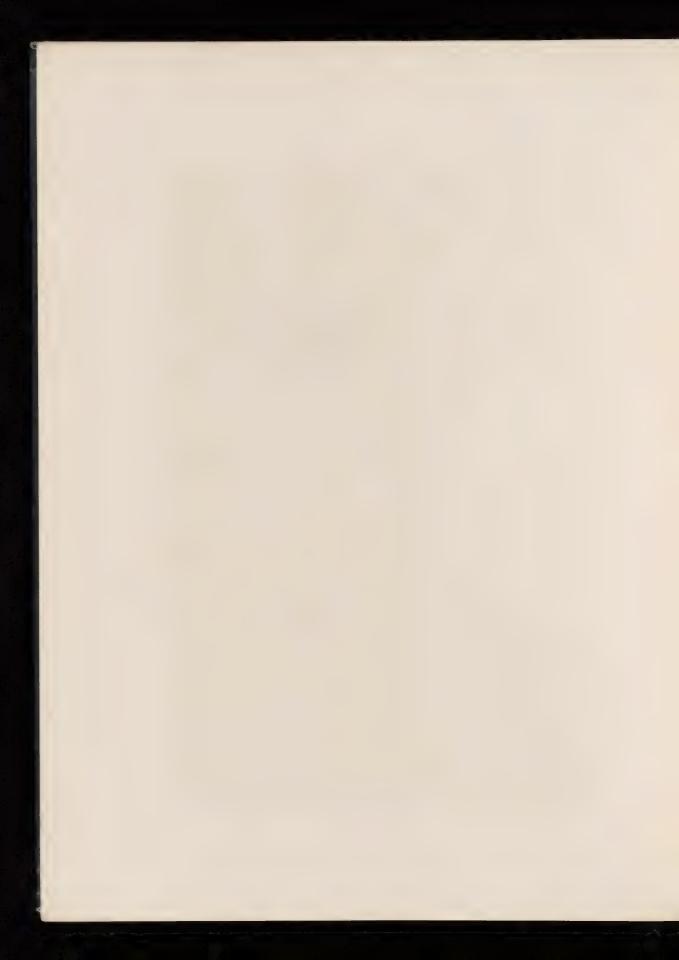
S we who come from the North descend the sunny side of the Alps to the Lombard Lakes or to the Venetian Plains we seem to have come to a country-wide garden, reaching from the deep blue lakes below us, set like jewels in the ring of encircling mountains, to the amethystine distance southward away toward Rome. Here nature has provided a smiling, sunny landscape as the abode of man. To this land of pleasant farms and green vineyards, of cool shady gardens, of lovely villas, the designer of gardens and the builder of country houses will always go for study and for inspiration. Although his tastes may first lead him to study in England or in France, he will inevitably see that the artists of those more northerly countries have themselves always drawn inspiration from Italy.

We need only read the letters and memoirs of the traveler in Italy during the last four centuries to understand that the beauty of the villa gardens and the charms of country life have always made a deep impression on the ob-

servant wayfarer. Accordingly, the principal country houses and palaces have been described by almost every writer who has visited Italy during the last four centuries. It is astonishing, however, how much in the way of enchanting gardens and villas, how much that is stimulating in design and in workmanship, has escaped the lens of the photographer, or has been overlooked or forgotten by the writer of guide books and histories of art.

The more important villas and gardens have been admirably portrayed in many different ways. Whether it be Giovanni Boccaccio describing the entrancing gardens above Florence to which Pampinea nearly six hundred years ago led her joyous and amorous band, or whether it be the same or other gardens recreated and peopled with great verbal beauty by the illuminating descriptions and historical notes of Mrs. Wharton, one feels that the Italians above all loved their country places and went to them for rest, for entertainment, and for refreshment, away from the heat and crowds of the city. In turn, the artists and illustrators from Falda and Piranesi with their panoramic views of gardens, to Inigo Triggs with his sympathetic and authoritative drawings of details, or Maxfield Parish with his decorative treatment of garden scenes, have naturally chosen for their subjects the more famous and historically important of the buildings. Since the descriptive writers, the skilful draughtsmen, the sympathetic picture-makers with colour box or with camera, have done so much to concentrate our attention on the important country homes of Italy we might almost feel when they ignore the farmhouses, the lesser villas, the little buildings dotted here and there on terraced hillside and by silvery lakes, that these are of no æsthetic importance. But these smaller buildings stand in such close artistic relationship to their greater and more magnificent neighbours that we may fairly study them together in their common origin and development, especially as we can prove that they, big and small alike, were at times designed by or inspired by the greatest and most famous artists of the Renaissance. That in itself makes them worthy of attention. Taine in his "Lettres" and in his "Voyage en Italie" says, "a knowledge of the past and of old customs helps me to reconstitute and see the creators of noble works," for, "the naturalists know this:-one understands the animal very well from the shell." This study of the shell, of the dwellings, great and humble alike, is in itself of importance because many of the artists of the Renaissance were born in the simpler sort of surroundings we are going to study.

How the beauty-loving and fertile minds of the Renaissance reached back for the treasures of antiquity is shown





Small House at Tivoli

by the very word, "Renaissance." We cannot overlook this our heritage from the classical age; accordingly we cannot treat the story of the Italian villas in an absolutely isolated way, just as we may not write history in fragments, but must follow through from cause to effect. In order to understand the forces at work, I must go back now and then to the history of country life in classic times simply to show how direct is the line of descent of the Italian villa from the villas

of classical Rome. The style of building adopted in successive centuries was always and inevitably the result of the social life of the times.

The palaces, the villas, the terraced gardens, the picturesque farmhouses even, were a natural outgrowth of the æsthetic and social development of the politically disrupted but artistically united Italian race during the golden years that followed the revival of learning in Italy. So the record of much that is illustrated in the plates that follow is intimately bound up with the intensely interesting and intricate story of life during the most brilliant period that Europe has seen. I do not mean that we may find any direct, authentic reference in contemporary letters and memoirs to all the works illustrated by the plates. But we may find many references to the method of living, to the pleasures and pursuits of the Italian country gentleman of those times.

A similarity in tastes—to a certain extent a similarity in scenery and in climate—may be one of the reasons why particularly we in America should frequently go to Italy for ideas in general composition and for schemes of decorative detail. I do not imply that the North Europeans or the North Americans must in all cases deliberately copy from the Italians. But I maintain that they may well go to Italy for inspiration, as, in the past, other nations did in earlier periods of their artistic development. The revival of the arts, the growth of culture, the social splendour of the Italians during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries spread to other countries, because the social and intellectual interests of these other countries became similar to those of Italy. In so far as it was the same life there, and since its needs were the same, its desire for artistic expression became the same, and was only modified in time as development and individuality of race and of society gradually imposed new conditions.

We must admit that art, freely developed, has always in the past been an expression of the thought and learning of its time. Therein has lain one of its greatest charms, for we see how, in consequence, the temper of the mind or trend of thought constantly reacts on the aesthetic expression of style.

So it seems to me that the great interest for us Americans to-day in the Italian villas of the Renaissance does not so much lie in their anecdotal history, which conjures up vivid pictures of noble princes, of ecclesiastical dignitaries, and of the incomparable artists of that golden age, as in a consideration of the habit of life and the social customs that seemed to make them necessary. In examining these villas in the



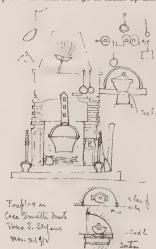
Inn on Road to Capua



light of the solution of a practical architectural problem, we should, in making our analysis, first blot out the subjective beauty of romance and of poetry that comes as the result of the inevitable wave of associated ideas that crowd in on us when we picture the old gardens peopled with brilliant personages of the ecclesiastical court or with members of the splendour-loving patrician families.

In order to understand how great is the spontaneity, originality, and diversity in design, shown in the smaller Italian buildings through Italy, which are all planned to fulfill more or less the same simple requirements, we should realize that from our northern point of view the climatic and economic conditions under which the farmer lives are very similar throughout the whole country, in spite of the different racial origin of the inhabitants of the numerous provinces that now go to make up united Italy.





Varying with its position, sometimes nestling among the sentinellike poplars, at times clinging to the mountain side on some carefully buttressed terrace, among olive orchards or chestnut groves, or elsewhere reflected in a tree-framed pool or sleepily moving river, we find an infinite number of dissimilar designs for what is really the simple elementary requirement of a few rooms for the family of the contadino or farmer, and shelter for his domestic animals. There must be first of all the kitchen, with large open hearth, often raised above the floor; and in queer, out-of-the-way places-perhaps in a niche in the wall, sometimes in the hearth itself-are little openings where one can build a small charcoal fire that keeps the pot boiling or roasts the chestnuts. There must be cellars, too, or sheds for storing the crops, for crushing the olives, for keeping the huge brown pot-bellied oil jars, for the making and aging of wine, which is the all important crop in a country where every family hopes to gather a few baskets of grapes from its own vines for home use. Everywhere one sees these grapes growing on the farmhouse itself, the vines trained up on trellis or arbor, running up the wide white walls to spread out along the belt courses or to outline an arch. The

strong, vigorous wood of the vine stems, the almost bushy character of the shoots, curling and climbing toward the sun, the coarse but decorative leaves, all combine to make a picturesque and colourful blending of green foliage, of purple shadow, of white wall, which adds to the effect of contrasting sunlight and of shadowy coolness and which can never be obtained with the close-clinging Japanese ivy, the Virginia creeper, or the glossy English ivy of our own climate.

At the vintage season the whole farm takes on a new aspect, especially when the vineyard is large and the







Farmhouse near Bologna

crop is good. Everywhere one goes there are baskets of grapes ready to be emptied into the huge vats or tini. Though it is only on rare occasions and in out-of-the-way places that we now see the juice crushed from the grapes by the feet of the dancing vintager, as was done in Biblical and Homeric days, yet we cannot help but feel that the process even where the modern screw press is used is still picturesque and odd. Everywhere, as one passes by deeply shaded cellars, one sees the wine-stained vats, one smells the acrid odour of the must. Little change has there been in the peaceful labour of the husbandman, during many generations. The pictures one sees to-day, the chance groupings of the peasants at their work, the implements in their hands are the same that one finds in the paintings of Perugino and of Ghirlandajo. In fact those inhabitants of Italy who have remained faithful to the arts of husbandry, belong to a class whose traditions have their origins far back in the centuries. There is little difference between the methods practised by the peasant to-day and those in use when Cato wrote "De Re Rustica," when Virgil wrote the "Bucolics", or when Varro wrote his own "De Re Rustica." There is much tradition as to how the work should be done, there is much of the simple superstition of the peasant in all the practices of agriculture, -"è il destino," as he says-there is even much that is unreasoning, wasteful, and horticulturally wrong, in spite of the earnest efforts of the Italian government to introduce modern agricultural methods. For the farmer does not readily accept what seems to him new and untried. We ask the Tuscan contadino, singing monotonously hour after hour as he works, why he laboriously and elaborately prepares between each row of corn for an intermediate row of some different crop which he never plants, and his genial but unenlightening answer is, "così, si fa"—"because that's the way it's done;" he has always done it even though the intermediate row of beans which originally suggested the idea of alternate planting to someone else in some other province has long since seemed to be unworthy of cultivating under his own particular soil conditions. Scientific farming, simple lessons by the government agriculturists, a wise use of fertilizer and proper tillage is doing much to make the crops more plentiful and the life of the peasant a little less of a wasted opportunity where natural conditions are so favourable to agriculture, and where every available plot of ground has been redeemed and turned to agricultural purposes.

The vineyards green with their summer foliage, the olive orchards dusty gray on the hillsides, the rich grasslands carpeted with wild flowers, and the golden grain fields all require their special farm implements, and have their special harvest time. But since most of the Italian farms raise a variety of crops and thus are devoted to general farming the programme for the builder of farmhouses does not vary much.

So we are justified in assuming that the architectural problem of designing these small Italian farm buildings has been a simple one—the needs of the husbandman have been few. The great diversity in the way simple architectural motives are combined in these small houses, resulting in a great variety of picturesque compositions, will be shown by the accompanying photographs; it is an interesting instance of the fertility of imagination which has always been characteristic of the Latin race.



CHAPTER II.

"Aimerais-tu les fleurs, les prés et la verdure Les sonnets de Pétraque et les chants des oiseaux, Michel-Ange et les arts, Shakspeare et la nature, Si tu n'y retrouvais quelques anciens sanglots?"

"LA NUIT D'OCTOBRE," Musset.



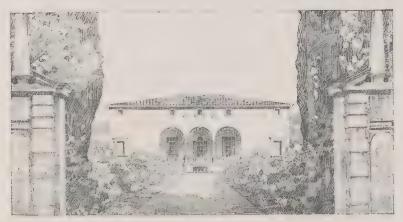
Tuscan Village

GAINST an infinitude of blue Italian sky as a background, the cinque cento artists painted the landscape of their native provinces, and though the humble buildings which they showed in their simple pictures of the Annunciation, of the Nativity, or of the Lives of the Saints, have perhaps long since disappeared in ruins, they bear so close a resemblance to the ancient houses and churches which still exist to-day, or to the real buildings which we know to have been designed by these same painter-architects and which are standing to-day, that we may fairly look on the paintings as being studies of contemporaneous architecture. It is this comparison with well known pictures, it is the study of the more important existing buildings, and, in a few isolated cases, the knowledge of the actual date and artistic origin of certain of the smaller villas and farm groups, which justifies us in believing that they owe much of their charm to the artistic impulse which made of simple peasants and artisans the great artists with whose names we are so familiar.

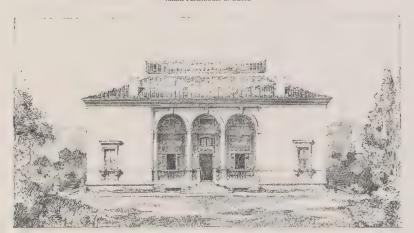
Examine the three small casinos shown together on Plate 2 on the following page, and you will feel there is some sort of blood relationship, some sort of racial kinship between them, though they are many miles apart. Vignola designed one, —the fascinating casino at Caprarola; "Surely the most beautiful garden-house in Italy," says Mrs. Wharton. Another stands in ruins in a vineyard southward from Lucca. The third, near Rome, has gone down before the onward march of the city. At Lucca, my attempts to get a few simple measurements of the ruined farm were misunderstood and interrupted when well under way by an angry farmer with his surly dog, who suddenly appeared from among the vines; also misunderstood was my Dantesque-Berlitz Italian, so that without gathering any historical anecdotes I retreated to my automobile beyond the garden wall-not, however, till Parthian-like, I had in retiring fired a few shots from my camera. There was no real harm I could do; the grapes, like those of the fable, were still green in the vineyard, and I am sure, had it not been for the snarling dog, that I could have brought my Italian close enough to the Tuscan dialect to be understood, especially as I had been through a long apprenticeship in explaining what I wanted to patient laborers from all parts of Italy, who had arrived in America as volunteer exiles to take up simple digging and other rustic work. But the dog did not speak my language! As I drove away, I promised myself that I would return again some time; and, remembering that the student of architecture rarely meets with inhospitality, I thought with envy of two of my friends who started to sketch in a villa garden, and when it began to rain saw two gorgeous footmen coming, who, while the shower lasted, held an enormous peasant's umbrella over them as they worked. I have not returned to Lucca; the war has come and I have never completed the measurements of the details.

It is hard to look with composure on the way many of these interesting farm buildings and small villas, like the charming little one at Lucca, are allowed to go to ruin; so much that is of architectural interest is disappearing forever. We may have no objection to the softening influence of time, but the ruin due to neglect that comes to the creations of master workmen is unforgivable, and the destruction that may be brought to these peaceful farmlands and gardens by war is heartrending. Hare points out that Italy is a land above all others where one must





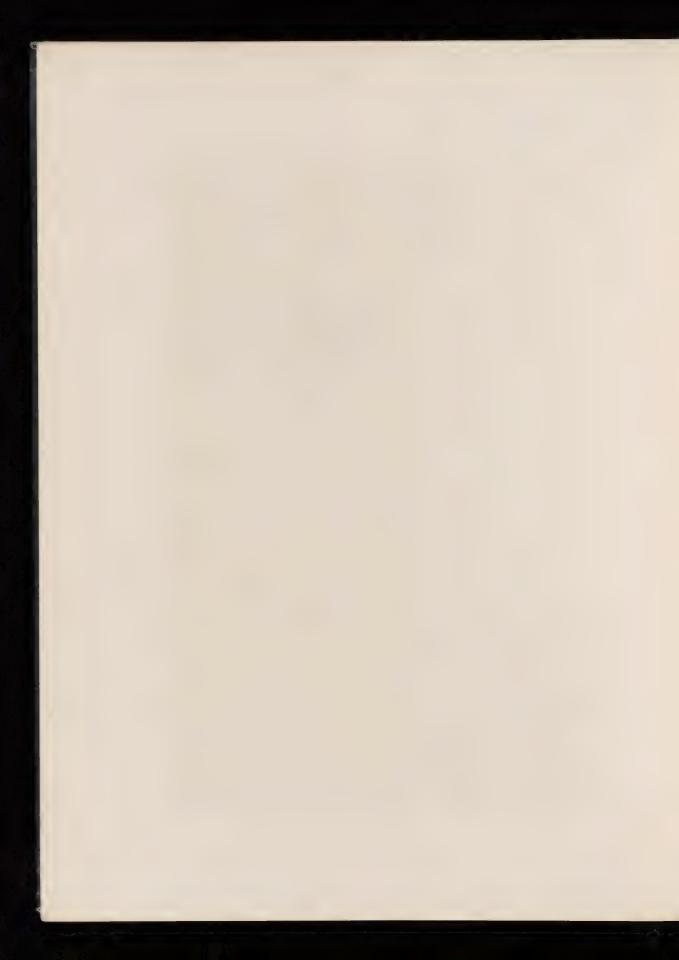
Small Farmhouse at Lucca

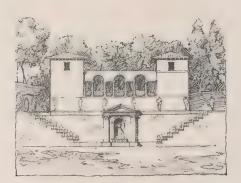


Small Casino at Caprarola



Small Villa near Rome





Casino at Rome

study detail, and though one may have an eye sensitive to colour and to form, the detail is better studied when it is still intact. It is all very well to remember what Chateaubriand says about the Italian ruins,—"Si vous les voyez en économiste, elle vous désoleront; si vous les contemplez en artiste, en poéte, et même en philosophe, vous ne voudriez peut-être pas qu'elles fussent autrement"—but the architect is a combination of economist and artist and would like to have enough preserved to be able to study these buildings in their entirety.

This ruin is often a sign of poverty, and shows a lack of desire, or a lack of ability and care to improve or even keep things as they are. Mrs. Aubrey Waterfield gives an illustration of the results of ruthless neglect: "To-day

at Monti," she says, "the hay and Indian corn are stored in the vaulted and frescoed rooms; the family bed stands in the chancel recess of what was once the chapel and every year a bit of the roof falls in."

Near Genoa may be seen a romantic villa with the remains of a terraced garden overhanging the sea; it is used as a macaroni factory. I have among my photographs a church used as a factory; the campanile has been continued many feet into the air to form the factory chimney—and now, instead of pouring out peaceful notes calling to matins or to vespers, it emits murky smoke which spreads like a black pall over the vault of heaven.

The break-up of the feudal system is another cause for many of the ruinous changes that have overtaken these small estates; the advent of the Nepoleonic system of inheritance laws did away with the rights of primogeniture and resulted in the subdivision of many of the larger estates into small parcels, making possible peasant ownership, as well as the introduction of the *mezzadria* system of co-operative farming. This system calls for a great weighing, classifying and accounting at the harvest time, for the *padrone*, or landowner, is entitled under it, in return for rent, taxes and repairs, to half the crop. The *contadino* is entitled to the other half for his labour and that of his family. What is not needed of each share for home use is sold and credited to the proper account. To act as

accountant in all this there is the *fattore*, who serves as umpire and general manager on the estate and to whose skilful administration of his office is due much of the smooth running and profits of the *podere*.

One might suppose that there would have been nothing but poverty among the peasants under the old feudal system, and that this would have prevented any elaboration in the building of the peasant's house. But that there was some wealth among the peasant classes who have lived for generations in these homes we are considering, is shown by the sumptuary laws enacted in the various provinces during the sixteenth century, limiting the amount of jewelry and silken clothing the contadine might wear. Occasional wealth among the peasants was not even confined to feudal times, but occurred in the



Casino at Frascati





Villa at Rome

days of the Roman Empire as well. Varro in one of the dialogues in "De Re Rustica" tells how the profits of agriculture were increased for those farmers who lived near Rome by the sale of luxuries to city dwellers, exclaiming that Italy was one of the best cultivated countries in the world and had become almost entirely one vast garden. His aunt, he said, had made sixty thousand sesterces, or about three thousand dollars, in one year by selling thrushes for the tables of Roman epicures. The Roman Campagna was then, as again in Renaissance times, full of farms and of country houses belonging to the wealthy inhabitants of the crowded city. This wide plain, until recently, when it was discovered that a systematic control of the mosquito would abolish malaria, had been a fever-stricken, desolate spot, though it once contained numberless villas and farms belonging to the proud patri-

cians of classic Rome. Even in feudal times, and in the Renaissance, it was considered an attractive place for the building of villas. Schuelt, a French architect, in his measured drawings made one hundred and twenty years ago, showed small villas which no longer exist. Several of these charming little maisons de plaisance have been redrawn and are here shown. Schuelt says of his drawings that they were carefully measured and drawn to scale; the few that I have been able to recognize as of still existing buildings seem to be in the main accurately done, and are therefore of real interest to us to-day as we study the Italian villa.

The problem of designing a country home has since the earliest times fascinated the architect. As we know from Egyptian tomb drawings, from the poetry of Homer, and from the classical writings of the Romans, the result of the architect's labours in country house designing has given endless pleasure to the landowner, who lived in peace and quiet, surrounded by his own fields or orchards. Whether we read Maspero's translation of the contemporaneous description of a villa on the Nile six thousand years ago, whether we read Homer's description of the gardens of Alcinous in the Odyssey, or whether we read Pliny's description of his own villas, they differ but little from the country estate plans of the Italian Renaissance; they were all meant for the comfort of master, of servant, of slave, and for the practical requirements of the farm.

In the smaller farm groups these various buildings, instead of being all arranged about a succession of courts or yards, were combined in the same building. The different buildings of the farm, so ingeniously grouped in relation to the various levels of terraces, shown in Plate 70, are combined into a yet more compact group in Plate 69, and are reduced to the utmost simplicity by being all together in one building where the animals and the tools are kept below on the ground floor, and the family lives on the second floor, as shown in Plate 124; above that second floor are often the rooms where the silk-worms are raised, and still above that was often a columbarium for the ubiquitous pigeon. From the cavernous cellars under the terrace to the dovecote on the roof every inch of space is utilized, since all possible means of adding to the product of the farm must be taken advantage of. A visit



Well-Head at Spoleto



to the village fair is, therefore, not only well worth while for the lover of the picturesque, but it is also of interest to the student of farm economics as showing the variety of products which can be raised on one small podere. The country fair which I saw at Santa Maria di Sala, a small town in Venetia, miles from any railroad or tram, was a most joyous and colourful occasion. The whole country there inland, from Venice and Padua along the various branches of the Brenta river, is crossed and recrossed by canals which once made it easy for the ladies and gentlemen of the Venetian Republic to leave their palaces in Venice and travel far inland to their country places without leaving their gondolas. These canals now serve to drain the cultivated fields. It was autumn and the long succession of varying crops had all been brought home, sorted, and were now being bartered for other kinds of farm produce or for manufactured articles which the itinerant pedlar was offering for sale. There were the baskets of millet and wheat and Indian corn, arranged unconsciously in artistic colour combinations with baskets of figs, or pomegranates, or huge yellow pumpkins. Then there were the balls of raw silk, the result of the careful gathering of the mulberry leaf and an equally careful system of feeding and temperature control in the silk worm lofts. There were eggs, neatly laid out on beds of green, fresh leaves. Round among the stalls moved the loquacious natives -- "those amphibian peasants of the Venetian lowlands" -- as Goethe's wife called them, arguing, bargaining, gossiping, laughing, leading squealing pigs or swearing at the gentle buffalo oxen. When I inquired for the road to Mira the peasant who pointed out the way asked me to give him and two big black sows a ride, as the two animals he had just bought would not be easy to drive home. I decided that two sows in an automobile would be worse than two pigs in a poke and drove on, followed by a genial laugh.

From these descriptions of farm life to-day one must not imagine that there has not been in the past a dark side to all this apparent joy of living; there was poverty, famine, war, disease, and dark years, when first one province and then another suffered. But there was always the peace-loving, joyous burgher, artisan, and merchant, to whom the fields, the flowers, and the enchantment of sunny vineyards and ancient gray-green olive groves was always beckoning, and to that desire for the free air of the fields and the dancing sunlight on the hillside we owe the existence of so many inspiring villa designs.



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CHAPTER III

"Shapes that seem alive,
Wrought in hard mountain marble, will survive
Their maker, whom the years to dust return.
Thus to effect cause yields. Art hath her turn,
And triumphs over Nature."

---From a Sonnet of Michael Angelo.



Villa Farnesina

HE great humanists and great artists whose genius inspired and dominated the Italian Renaissance were above all realists, seeking rather for beauty of form and for harmonies of arrangement in their poetry and in their art, than to express some underlying idealism or to follow some metaphysical train of thought. Accordingly, we find the writers, beginning with the immortal poet of the fourteenth century and continuing through to the fanciful

dramatists of the eighteenth century appealing with lyric realism more to the ear and to the emotions than to idealism and to reason; we find the artists, even where they are delineating a symbolical or religious subject, doing so in a realistic and descriptive way; we find the architect studying the mass, the harmony of the parts, the beauty of the decorative detail, rather than trying to make the plan express the idealistic or the imaginative purpose of the building, for unlike the architects of the more northerly countries, it is characteristic of the Italian architects of the Renaissance to make beauty of form rather than some organic scheme and controlling thought, find expression in their buildings. There is less to study in the plans of the larger architectural compositions of the Italian Renaissance than in the cleverly worked out details of the plan, such as the arrangement of a colonnade, the fenestration in a wall surface, or the development of a staircase. There is even comparatively little that is either particularly new or interesting to study in the plan of these small country houses and outbuildings which formed part of the complete villa. But their outward form as shown in these photographs and sketches is well worthy of study, not because of their elaborate decoration, since ornamental sculpture, excepting in a few of the Roman buildings like the Villa Medici, the Villa Pia, and the Villa Borghese, is restrained, but because these country houses rely for effect rather on their proportions, the arrangements of window openings, of arcades and of loggia, the contrast of sunlit and shadowed wall-surfaces, than they do on elaborate or intricate ornament. The Tuscan villas around Florence show a simplicity of wall-treatment that is lacking in the more elaborate Palladian houses of the Venetian mainland or the ornament-incrusted casinos of the Roman suburban villas.

Examine the pictures of the little known villa Ferdinanda, at Artimino outside Florence, built by Ferdinando, Duke of Tuscany. (Plate 6.) The Duke one day paused during the chase and seeing that there was a charming outlook across the valley ordered his architect, Bernardo Buontalenti, to build him a villa there. Its rooms were once full of fine paintings by Raphael, Titian and Botticelli. To-day there are no gardens and it stands rather deserted amid its surrounding farm-buildings and fields, but still offers an interesting example of a large, simply whitewashed structure, with broad wall-surfaces, pierced by well placed window openings and with simple accents of decoration skilfully distributed on the various façades. I have said that in analyzing these simple buildings from the point of view of architectural design we must not people and adorn them in our imagination with groups



of brightly dressed patricians and courtiers, nor must we in some romantic flight of the imagination allow our minds to project in fancy the images we have ourselves invented and which were inspired by the poetry and the pictures of that time, nor should we think of the outlying gardens as a setting for the legendary Arcadian paraphernalia of fauns and dryads. But we may, none the less, imagine them as containing the breath of human life, a life expressed by the human souls for whose enjoyment they were meant; we may restore in our imaginations the minor ornaments that we see in the well preserved villas, and which go to make a complete colour scheme. The



Small Casino near Rome

blue sky and the green leaves are still there, but the red garden pots, the decorative orange trees, the light yellow lemons, the charm of a carefully worked out floral colour design, have in many places vanished. At Artimino the farm buildings still exist amid the cultivated fields. But because these buildings are small in mass compared to the larger villa, and appear well subordinated in the general scheme, they have not the same individuality that we find in some of the houses standing alone on the detached farms.

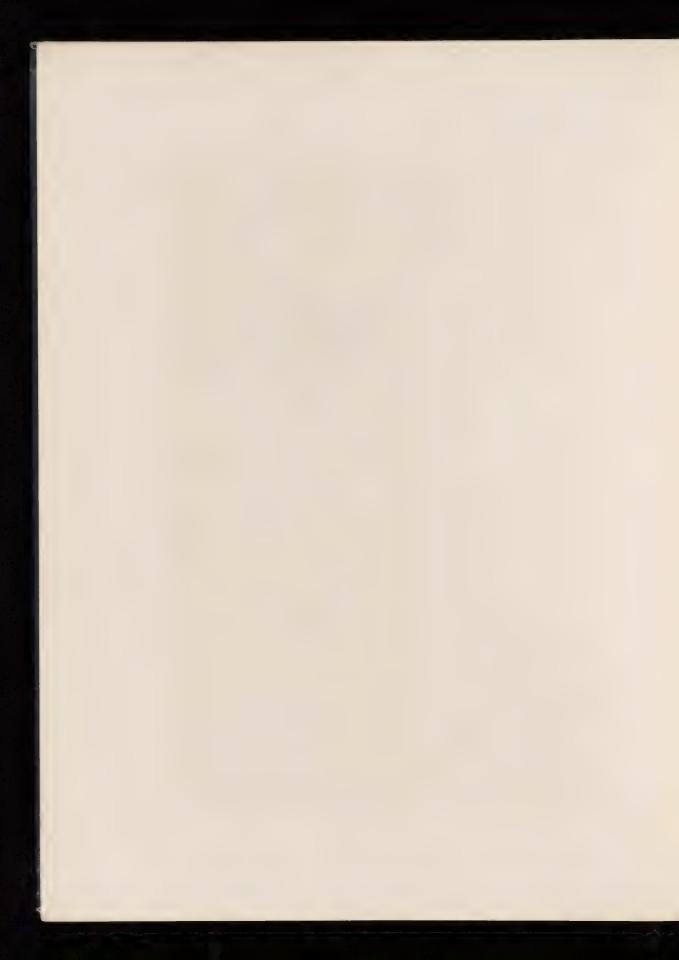
What a Florentine villa looked like three or four hundred years ago is better seen in the case of the Villa Curonia, which has been skilfully and sympathetically restored and added to by its owner, an American architect, and is shown in Plate 37. Here we see the long straight entrance leading up the hill to the house, surrounded by its well walled grounds. The fifteenth century cortile with its two-storied arcade is charmingly simple, and the white walls of the vaulted rooms, where Raphael is said to have stayed, form a most effective background for the decoration that consists of carefully placed furniture and skilfully grouped spots of colour. It is all quite typical of the Tuscan style where small spots of rich decoration stand out in strong contrast on the plain quiet wall surfaces. There are other examples of this treatment, which is so well adapted to the simple country house, of embellishing with occasional accents of richly carved ornament. They may be seen among the Florentine villas at Campi (Plate 30) Castello (Plate 28), Gamberaia (Plate 32), Bombicci (Plate 35), and the Villa Medici (Plate 41), which is near



Small Casino near Rome

the road to Fiesole and is said to have been designed by Michelozzo. These are a few of the twenty thousand or more country estates that were said at one time to surround Florence.

Compare them to the more elaborate country houses of Lombardy, particularly those of Venetia, where thousands of them existed when Venice was a great republic. Under the influence of Palladio these Venetian country villas became palaces—too stilted, possibly too monumental, but with little rural charm. The Villa Malcontenta (Plate 113), near where "gently flows the deep dyed Brenta," was designed by Palladio, and has a high pedimented porch like a Roman temple. At Villa



Forti, near Padua, and at the Villa Rotonda, near Vicenza, he used the same motive. The Villa Malcontenta derives its name from a discontented daughter who was not even satisfied when her father built the villa to please her. The story of the bad hours that poor Palladio undoubtedly passed with the dissatisfied client are fortunately lost in the mists of intervening centuries.

centuries.

Perhaps the flat land there in the
Venetian lowlands offered fewer picturesque



House on the Banks of the Tiber

opportunities and suggested a greater elaboration of the details than was needed in Tuscany. James Fenimore Cooper patriotically said, in describing the Brenta, "The houses themselves were well enough, but the monotony of a country as level as Holland compares ill with the broader beauties of the Hudson."

In southern Tuscany and in the Umbrian hills the villas are fewer in number, because the well-to-do citizens of the larger cities in the days when traveling was difficult preferred to find their Arcadian pleasures nearer home; but everywhere one sees interesting groups of farm buildings, "seated on hills, or scattered through the vale in the very points and combinations where a Claude would have placed them." The wealth of these hill towns could only come from the fields which surrounded them.

But the Albanian hills were only a short distance from Rome, and there and on the other neighboring mountainsides the Renaissance villa found its greatest development. To study this further development of the art of villa building, as perfected at Rome in the sixteenth century, it would be necessary to turn our steps to Rome and see the changes that were going on there in civilization itself; for the history of the great merchant and patrician families, and of their patronage of the arts at that time, is inextricably interwoven with the story of the Popes, the Cardinals and the ecclesiastical officers of the Roman church. Pope Julius II had already been an important factor in the development of the arts. It was he who, in 1505, called Michael Angelo to Rome, where he built part of the Vatican, and was responsible for many of the finest Roman buildings, but it was Julius's successor, Leo X, a son of Lorenzo de Medici, to whom we owe the most. The father had contributed to the advancement of the arts in Florence; the son loved luxury, he loved art, and with that artistic power and patronage which the Popes exercised at the



On the Road to Tivoli

time was able to give all his tastes full play. So we find instead of villas and gardens being in part intended as they were earlier for practical and economic purposes, that they were built entirely for the enjoyment of life. It was natural, therefore, that the gardens should be brought up to the house, should almost be a portion of the house, and should as an outdoor section of the house call for all the decorations that it was possible to crowd into the grounds of a suburban villa. Nature finished off the work of man with a magical touch of her own. There was first of all a



pleasant climate; there was abundance of water for the silvery mirror-like pools, the moss-grown basins, the shimmering, murmuring fountains; there was the Italian vegetation, at times almost monumental in its form stiff, solemn and reposeful—the pine like a vaulted dome, the cypress like a dark column or campanile pointing upward, the evergreens trimmed evenly like a green wall.

It is not easy to recreate the spirit of design that made these gardens artistic masterpieces, for the contrast of depth of shadow in the foliage and brilliant sunlight on stone work, path and pool, which one obtains in a garden, requires just as much study and balancing of proportion, just as careful comparison of light and dark as does the shadowing projection of a cornice, or the relation between wall-space and window-opening in a building. This the artists of the sixteenth century felt, and with it they seemed to combine a real understanding of the character of the outlying scenery, so that they successfully solved the most difficult of all problems in garden designing—they tied their formal gardens in one complete pictorial composition to the landscape beyond. This close union between building, garden and outside landscape seems to be more natural, owing to the fact that the architect of the early Renaissance took complete charge of the building operation. Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Raphael, were not only artists in every sense, but they were also engineers. The laying out of the garden and the farm group was expected of the architect as being simply one of the branches of his art; it was natural that incidental architecture in the gardens should have been appropriate and decorative to a marked degree.

Raphael was responsible for much at the Villa Madama, Vignola designed most of the Villa Lante near Viterbo, Vassari planned the Villa di Papa Giulio and Ligorio the Villa Pia, which Lanciani says, "is a perfect image of the ancient country house." For purposes of study and comparison with the smaller and simpler villas some of the more important and more frequently photographed houses are here shown, while the plans are reproduced from those published by Percier and Fontaine early in the nineteenth century.

Of the important villas of which Falda, Piranesi, Percier and Fontaine, or Letarouilly drew the plans, some have disappeared, some are being put to other than ornamental uses, the gardens of others are overgrown or have been cut up into building lots.

Fortunately, it will be possible to preserve a photographic record of many before they disappear forever. Some are still owned and lived in by the decendants of their famous sixteenth century owners; in others the flame of learning and of art is still being kept alive as of old, for they are preserved as museums or used to house the academies of other countries. To-day, the Villa Medici is where the art students and musicians of France, who have won the *Prix de Rome* spend the last of their happy student years; looking out on their lovely garden they pass four years there at the most impressionable time of their life, before going back to create and to teach in France.

In the peace and quiet of the Villa Medici one spring afternoon three years ago, a few of us who years before had worked side by side in Paris happened to meet. From the room of a camarade d'atelier we looked out across the valley of the Tiber to the west where St. Peter's was silhouetted in purple against the incandescent sunset sky. The candle on the piano appeared to grow brighter and brighter as the light faded from the heavens. It seemed to me that the group of old friends within the room needed a Murger to describe, a Balestrieri to paint it. A gentle hum of life or the occasional note of some far away bell rose from the city below us, while we spoke of the splendours of men like the banker, Agostino Chigi, whose Farnesina villa, where he gave his fabulously lavish dinner to Leo X, lay over there by the Tiber. We thought of the famous soldiers, the great ecclesiastical statesmen, the immortal artists who had lived in stirring times and had made Rome what it was, and we all inwardly believed that the quiet city below us was now at last typical of a world peace and of eternal quiet.

Those gentle artists who sat in that room of the Pincian Villa are to-day defending their country in Northern France. The world cannot go to sleep. There will be a new race of soldiers, of statesmen, and of artists, and there must always be a renewed study of the happy precedent in the past which shows the way to a noble performance in the future. That would seem to justify this simple portrayal of some simple and beautiful buildings.



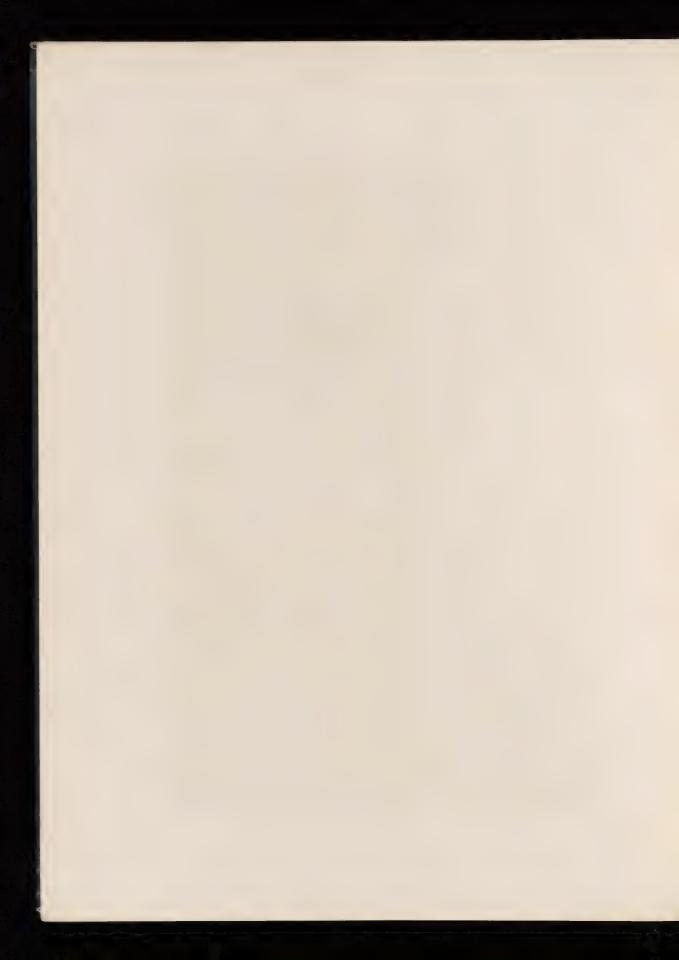


FARMHOU'SE IN VALLEY NORTH OF FLORENCE





IN THE VALLEY OF THE PO





FARM ENTRANCE NEAR POGGIBONSI





APPROACH OF ARTIMINO



ENTRANCE OF ARTIMINO





ARTIMINO



ARTIMINO





ENTRANCE OF ARTIMINO



REAR ENTRANCE OF ARTIMINO

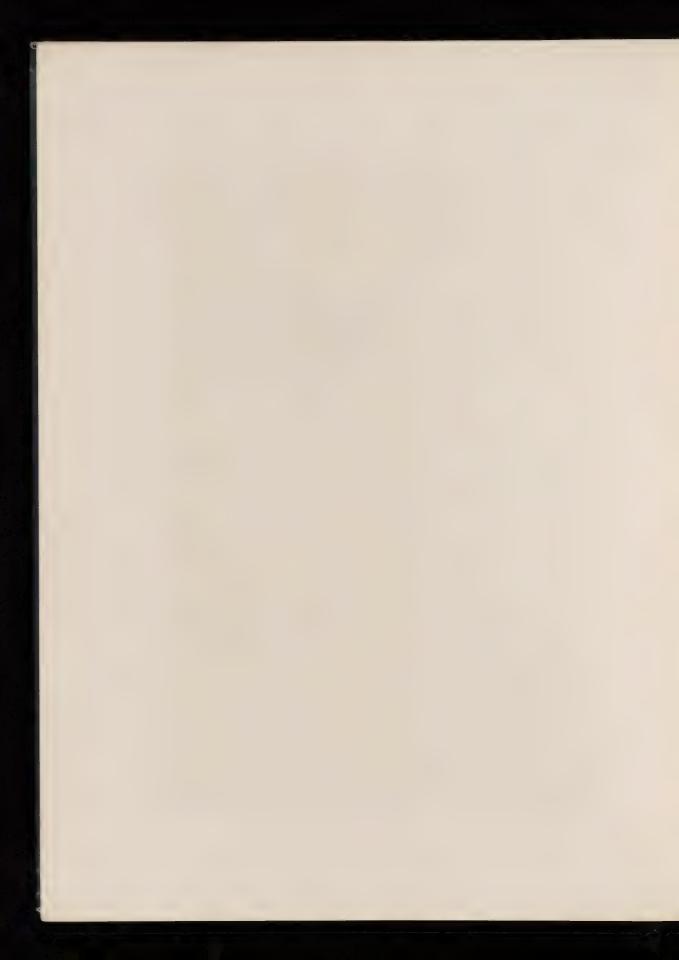




INTERIOR OF ARTIMINO



INTERIOR OF ARTIMINO





BIRDSEYE VIEW OF PODERE AT ARTIMINO





ARTIMINO



ARTIMINO





REAR VIEW OF ARTIMINO



HOUSE AT LAKE TRASIMENO













VILLA APOVE FLORENCE



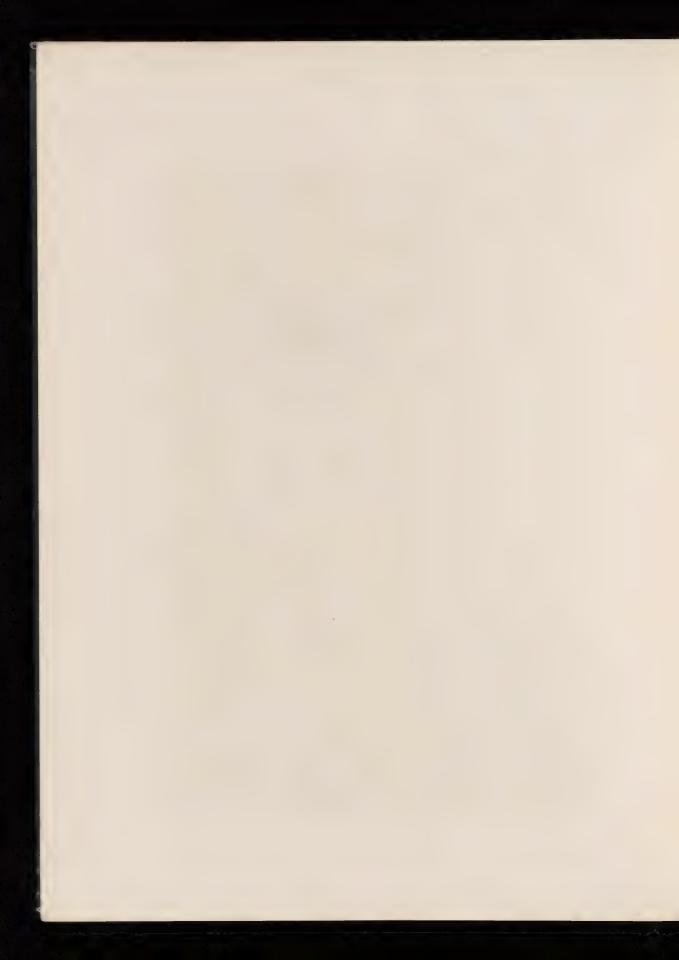








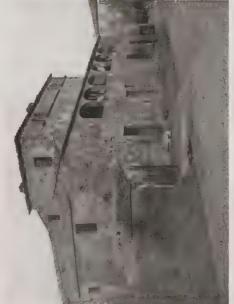
FARM NEAR POGGIBONSI



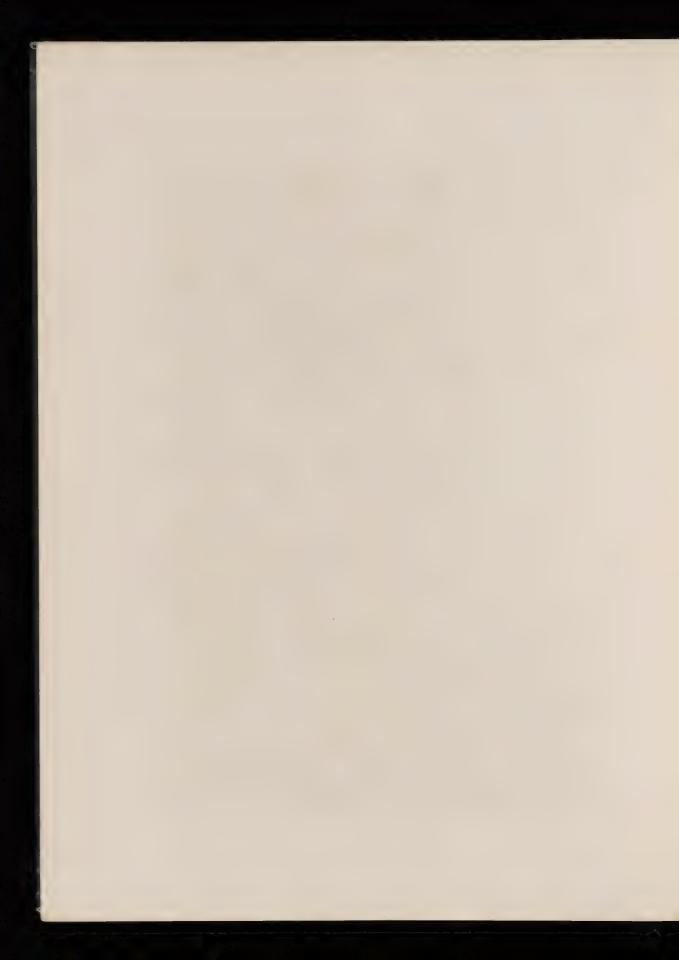


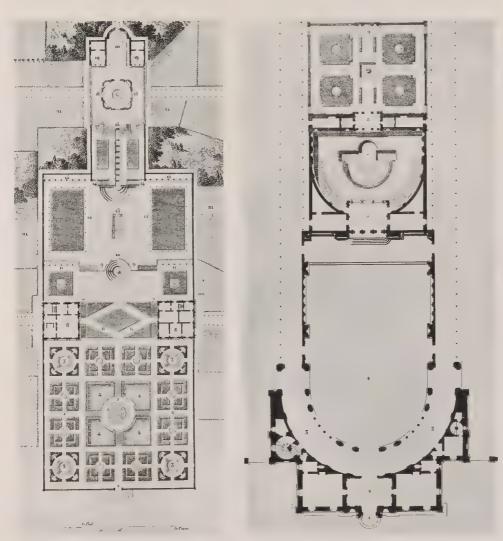






NEAR MODENA





VILLA LANTE, VITERBO

VILLA DI PAPA GIULIO, ROME





THE PARTERRE, VILLA LANTE NEAR VITERBO





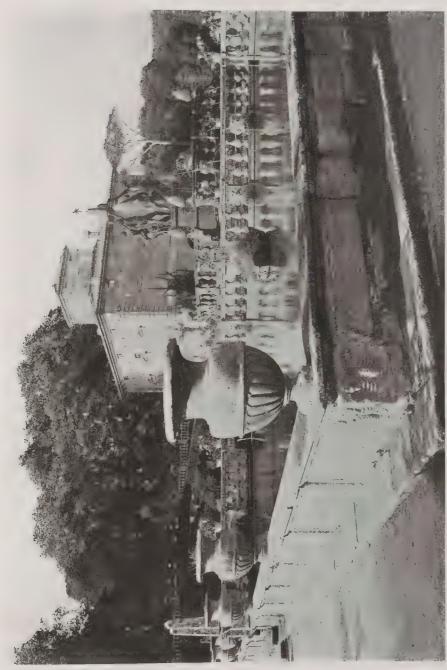
JUNTAIN AT VILLA LANTE





ORANGE HOUSE, VILLA LANTE





TANGOTA THE VIEW OF TANKE





VIEW OF THE UPPER TERRACE, VILLA LANTE



VILLA LANTE NEAR VITERBO





PERRACE AND STEPS AT VILLA LANTE





OKING TOWARD UPPER TERRACE, VILLA LANTE





VILLA DI PAPA GIULIO, ROME



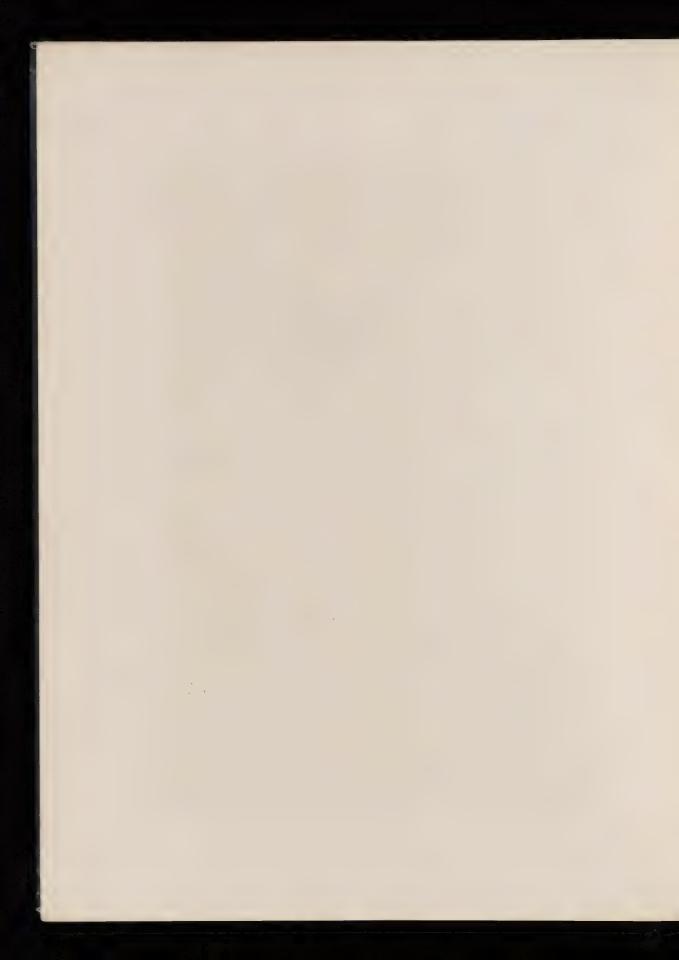


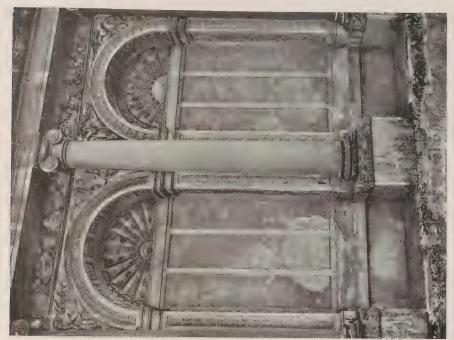
VILLA DI PAPA GIULIO, ROME





VILLA DI PAPA GIULIO, ROME





VILLA DI PAPA GIULIO, ROME



VILLA DI PAPA GIULIO, ROME





EAST FRONT OF THE VILLA CASTELLO, FLORENCE





THE VILLA CASTELLO, NEAR FLORENCE, IN WINTER



GARDEN WALL OF A VILLA NEAR FIESOLE

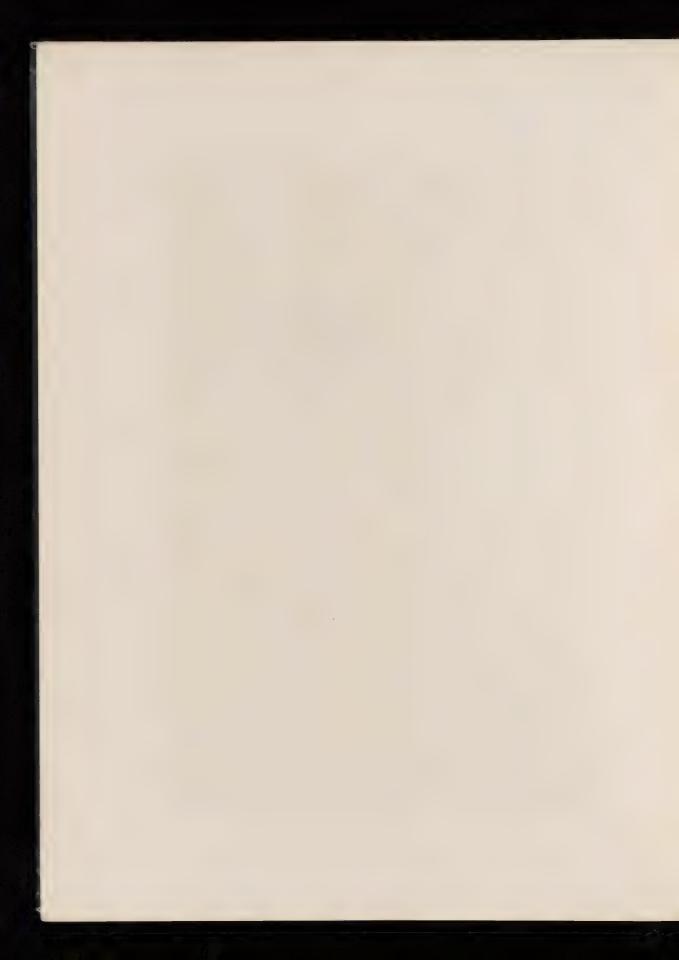




TERRACE AT ENTRANCE TO VILLA CAMPI, NEAR FLORENCE



THE VILLA CAMPI, NEAR FLORENCE





THE STEPS OF THE VILLA CAMPI





WHEA CWIPL LOOKING BACK TOWARD EXTRANCE

GARDEN WALK, VILLA LANTE





VILLA GAMBERAIA NEAR SETTIGNANO





VILLA GAMBERAIA



VILLA GAMBERAIA



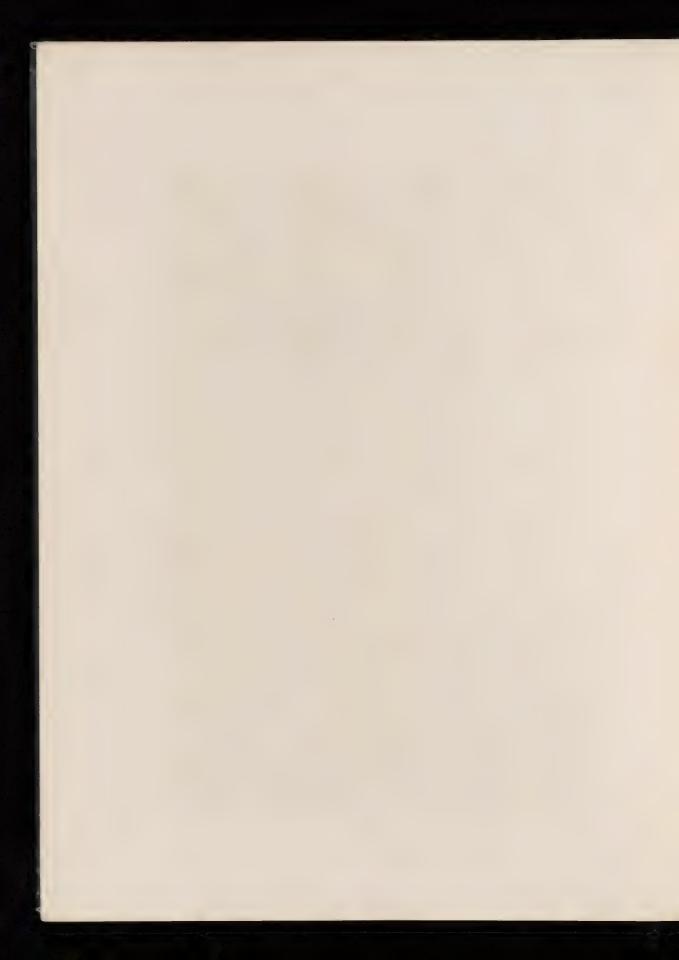


REAR VIEW OF THE VILLA BOMBICCI, FLORENCE





VILLA BOMBICCI, FLORENCE





GARDEN WALL, NEAR FLORENCE



GARDEN WALL WITH FLOWER POTS, NEAR FLORENCE



GARDEN WALL WITH WINDOW OPENINGS, OUTSIDE FLORENCE



UMBRIA, PART OF A PALACE AT TODI





ENTRANCE TO VILLA CURONIA, NEAR FLORENCE

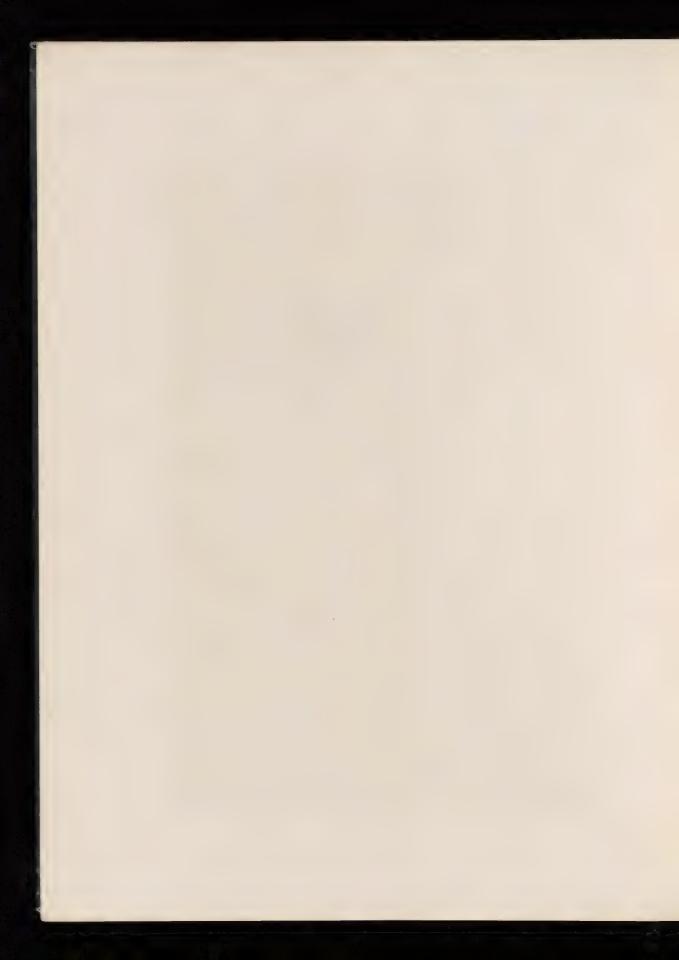


LOGGIA OF THE VILLA CURONIA





COURTYARD OF THE VII LA CURONIA





ROOM IN THE VILLA CURONIA



ROOM IN THE VILLA CURONIA







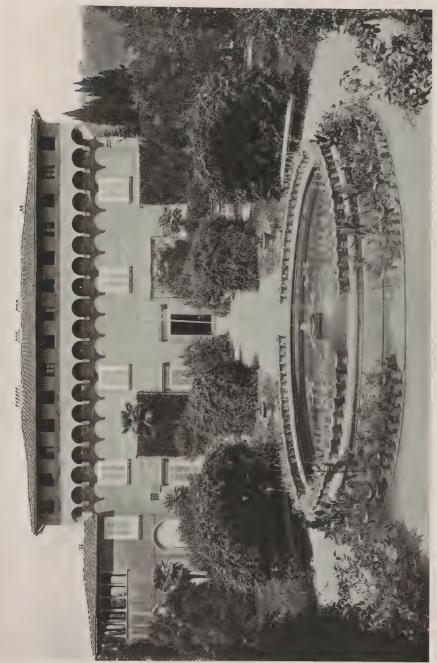
ROOM IN THE VILLA CURONIA





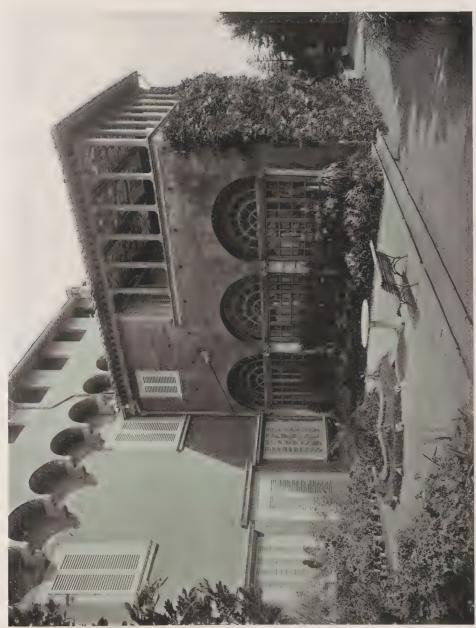
ROOM IN THE VIILA CURONIA





FAÇADE OF VILLA MEDICI, FLORENCE





VILLA MEDICI, FLORENCE





SMALL FARM ON OUTSKIRTS OF LUCCA





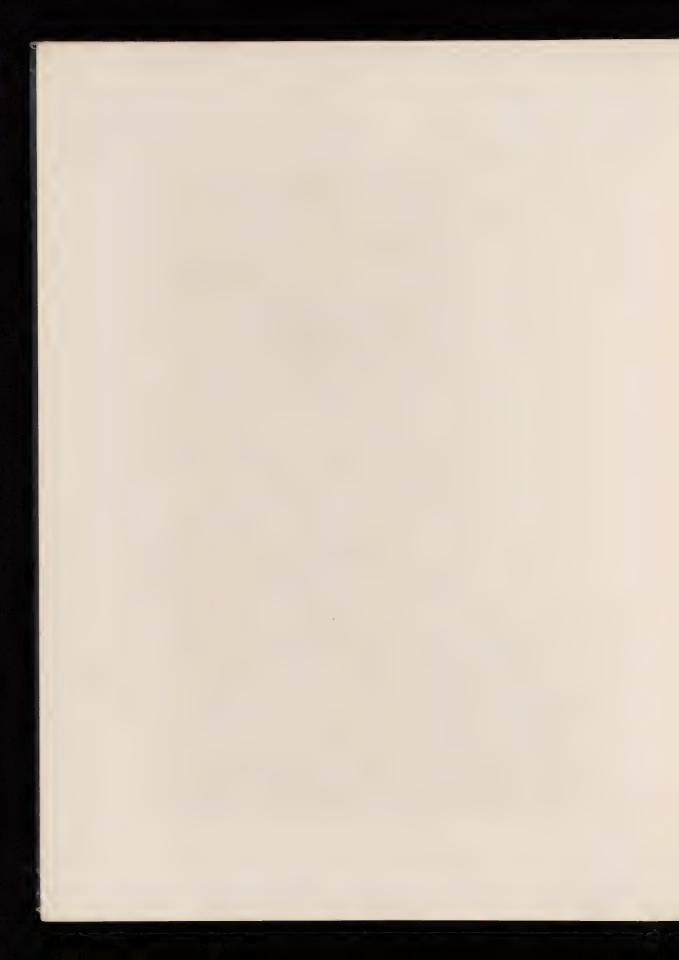
FARMHOUSE NEAR LUCCA







LOGGIA ON THE FARM, OF THE CONVENT AT SAN DOMINICO





FARMHOUSE NEAR CERQUETO

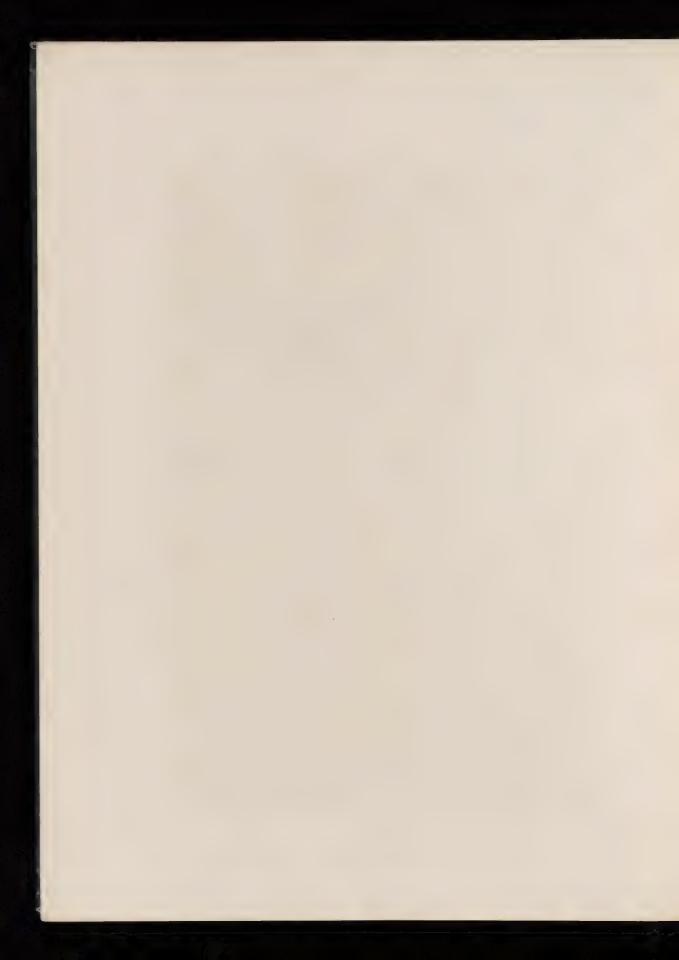


FARMER'S HOUSE AT LA PANCA





LOGGIA OF THE LANTE PALACE AT VITERBO





FARMHOUSE NEAR LAKE COMO



SMALL VILLA ON THE BRENTA



FIESOLE



GARDEN GATE, NEAR FLORENCE





UMBRIAN FARMHOUSE





IN THE VALLEY OF THE RIVER TIBER

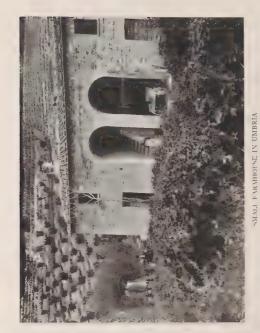
SMALL FARM BFLOW PERIORA





FAÇADE OF THE PALAZZO CAPPONI, FLORENCE







FARMER'S MODERN TENEMENT HOUSE NEAR LAKE COMO



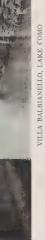


HOUSE IN THE VALLEY OF THE PO





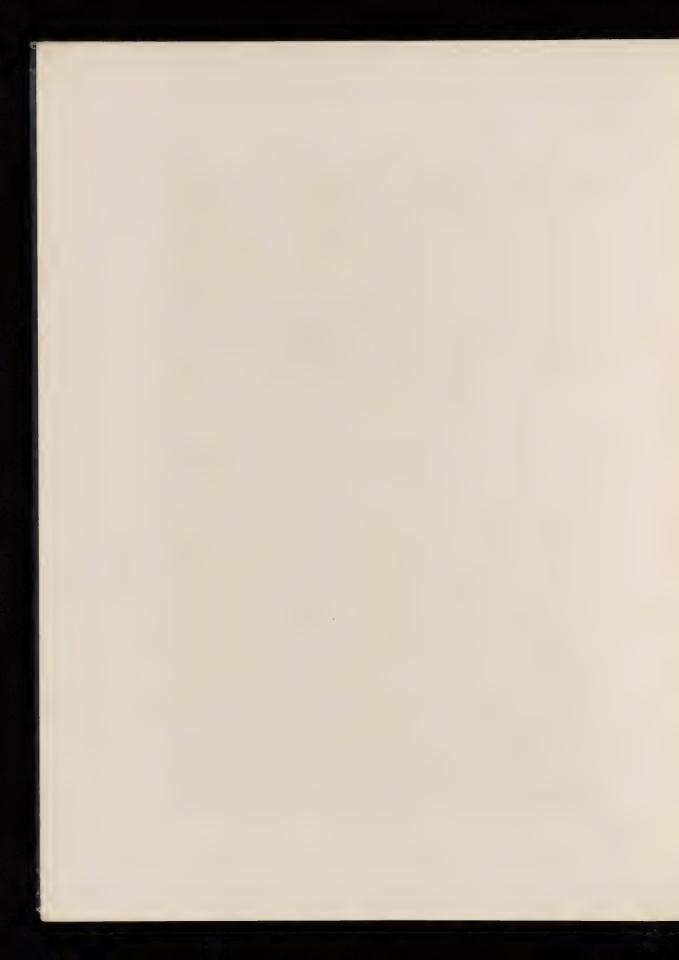






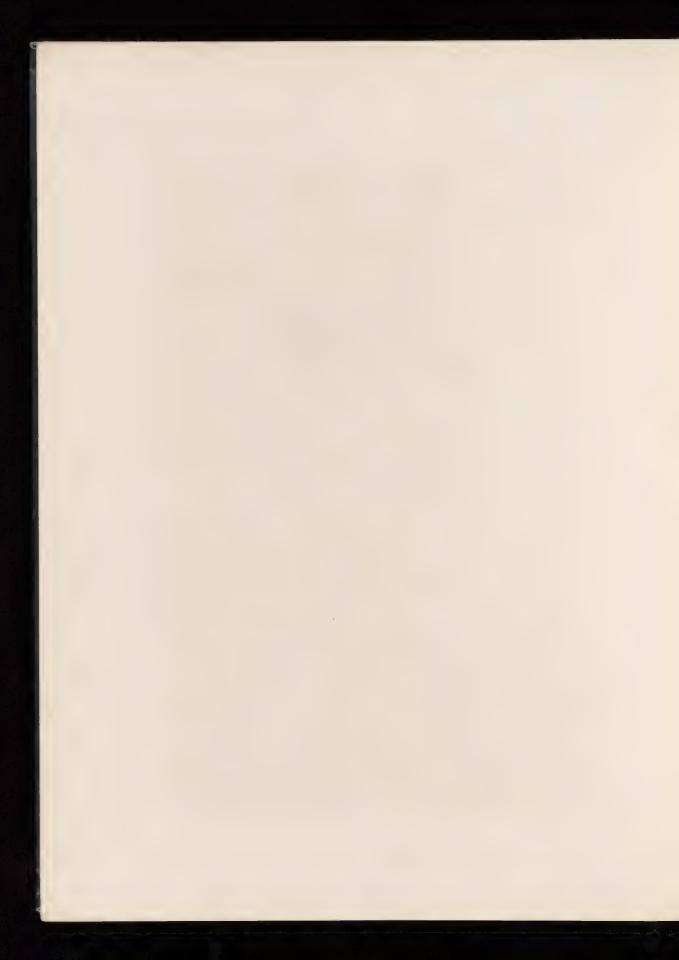


VILLA CARLOTTA, LAKE COMO





CURVING ALLEY, FLORENCE



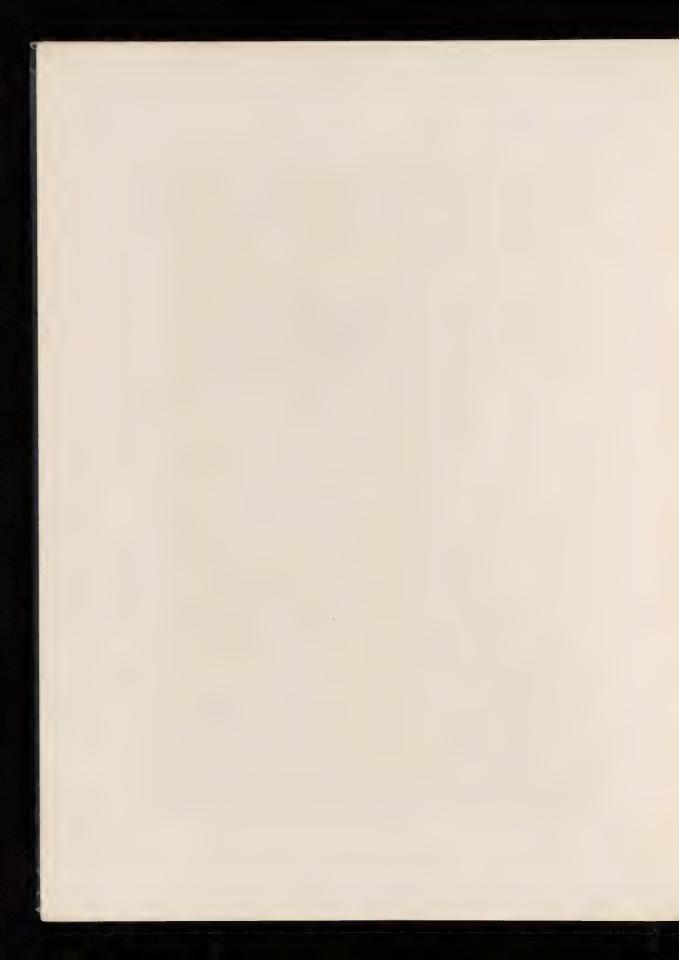


SMALL VILLA AT FRASCATI



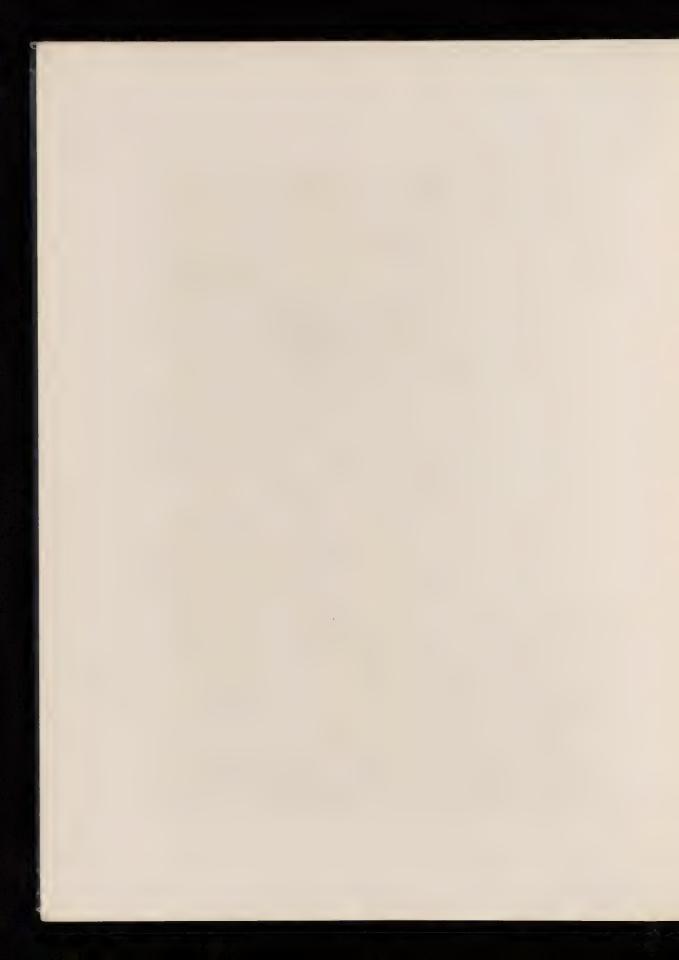


DETAIL OF THE COURT OF VILLA BONDI, FLORENCE





VILLA BONDI, FLORENCE





VILLA BONDI, FLORENCE





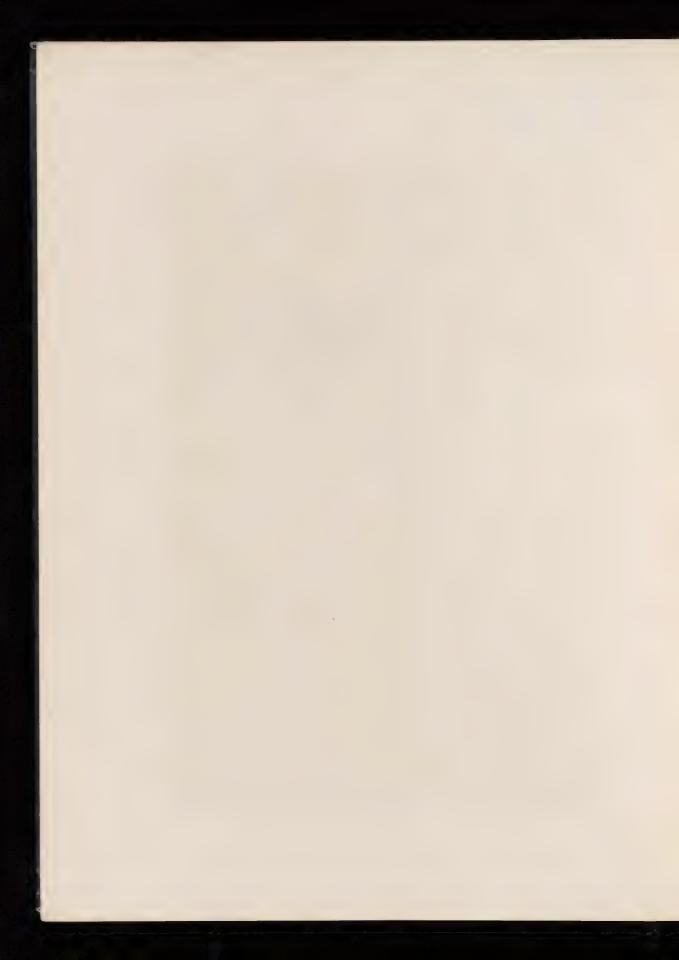
HOUSE NEAR FLORENCE



SMALL VILLA NEAR FLORENCE





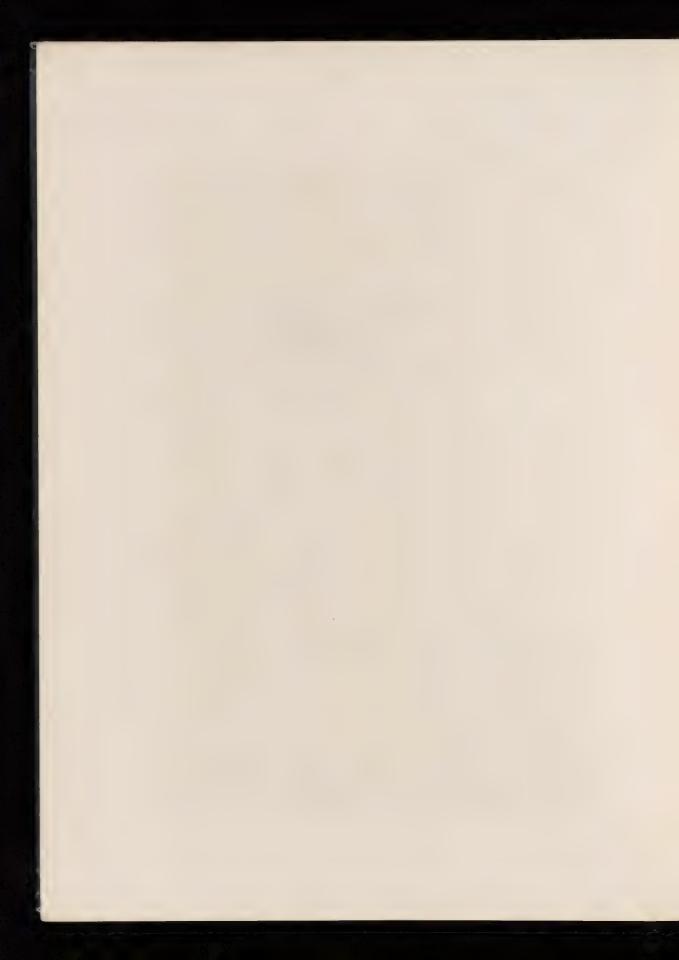




FARMHOUSE AT CINTOIA



HOUSE IN THE UMBRIAN HILLS





VILLA PETRAIA, NEAR FLORENCE



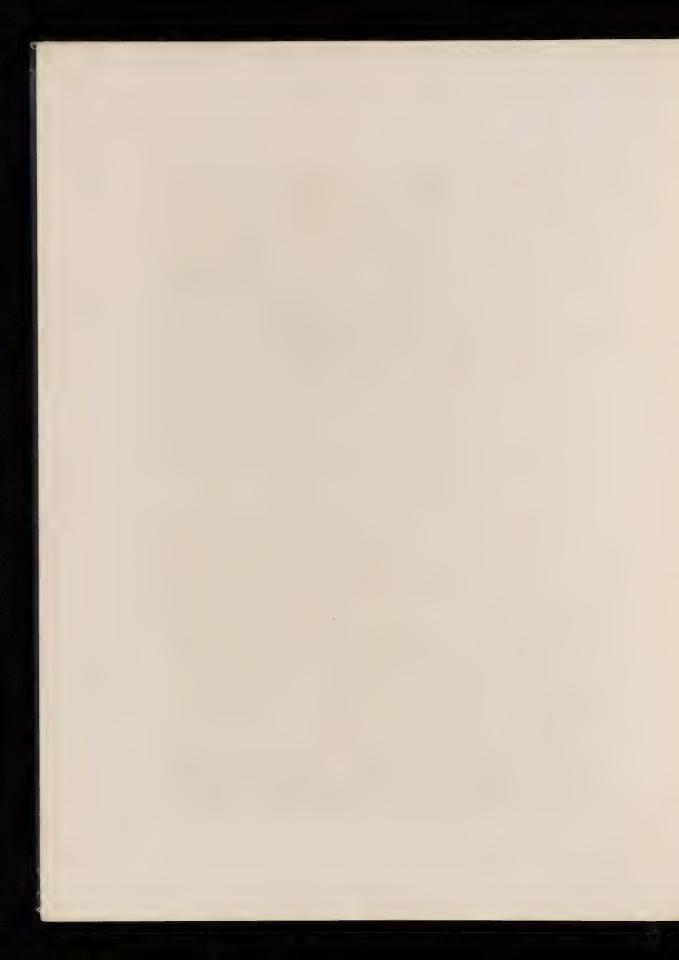








GARDEN GATE AT STRA, VENETIA

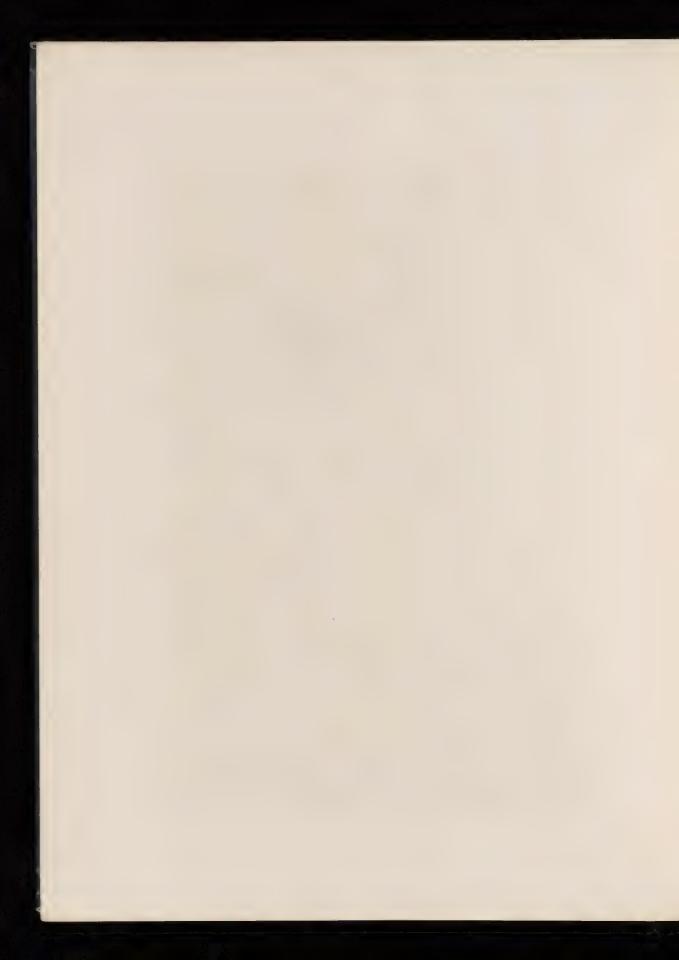




COURTYARD OF A HOUSE IN PERUGIA



IN THE VALLEY OF THE PAGLIA

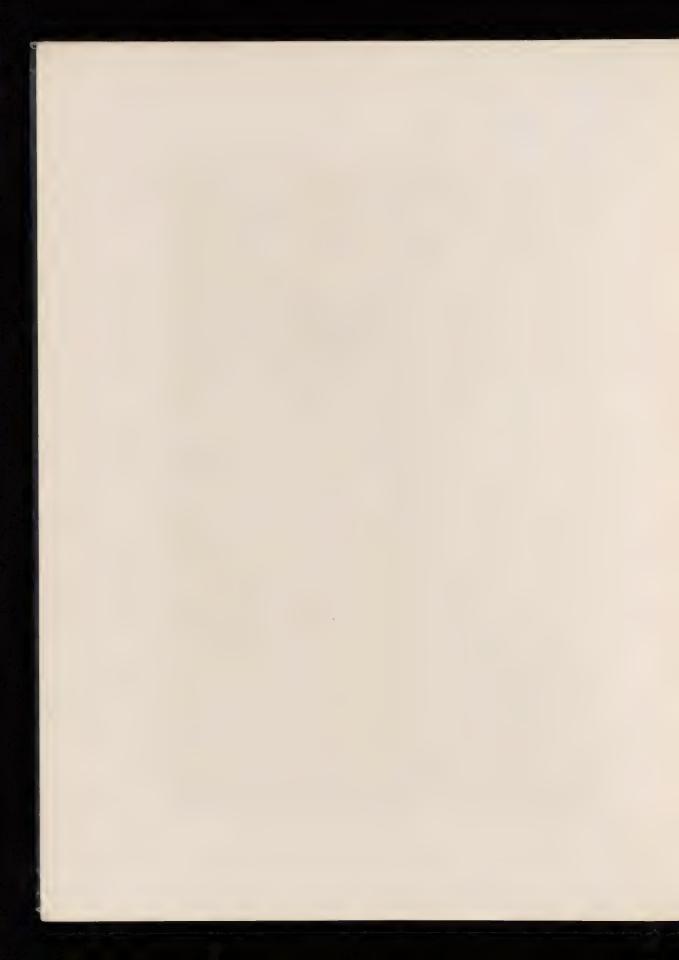


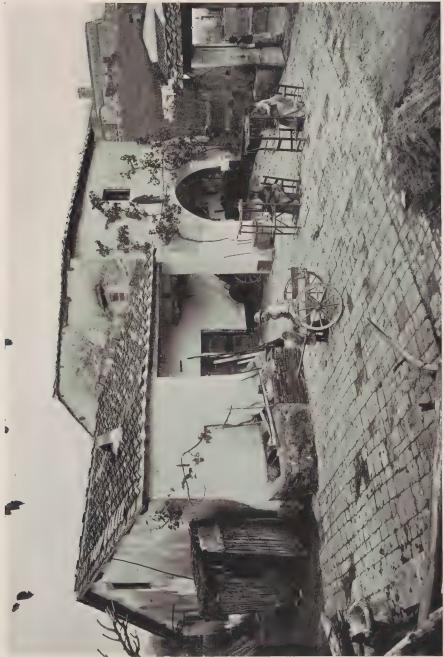


OUTSIDE FLORENCE



HOUSE NEAR MARISCIANO





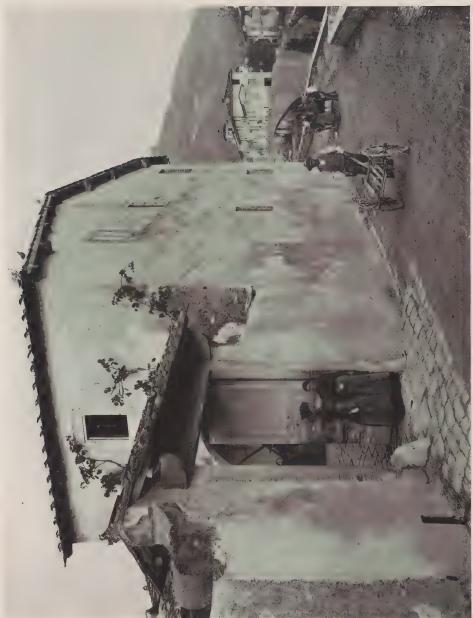
ILA SALVIATI. FLORENCE





FARMHOUSE OF THE VILLA SALVIATI, FLORENCE





VILLA SALVIATI, FLORENCE







VILLA NEAR FLORENCE





GATE TO YARD IN TUNCANY





ROYAL VILLA OF POGGIO A CAJANO NEAR FLORENCE



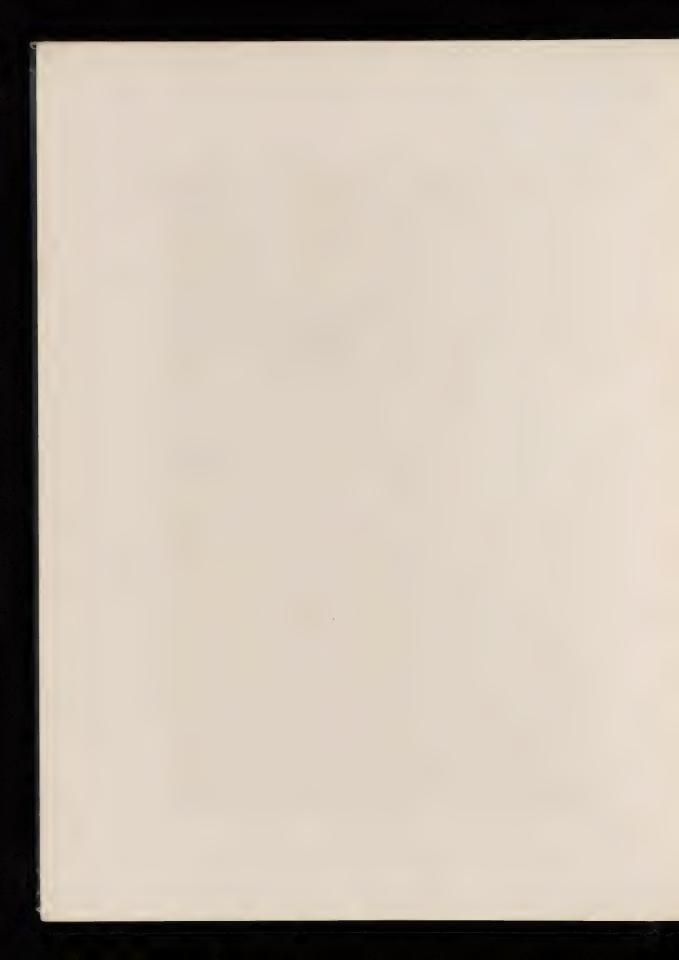


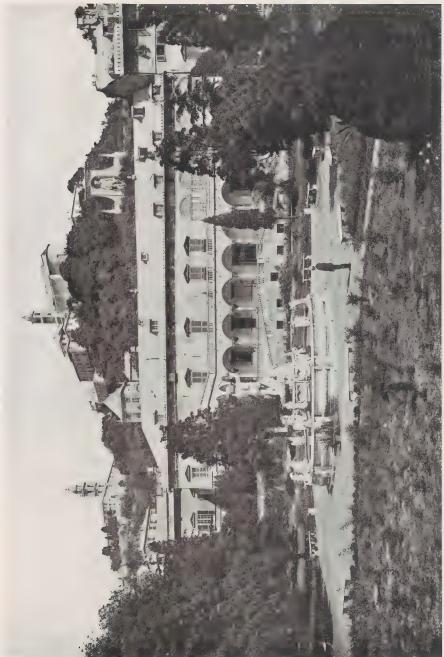
FARM BUILDING NEAR FIESOLE





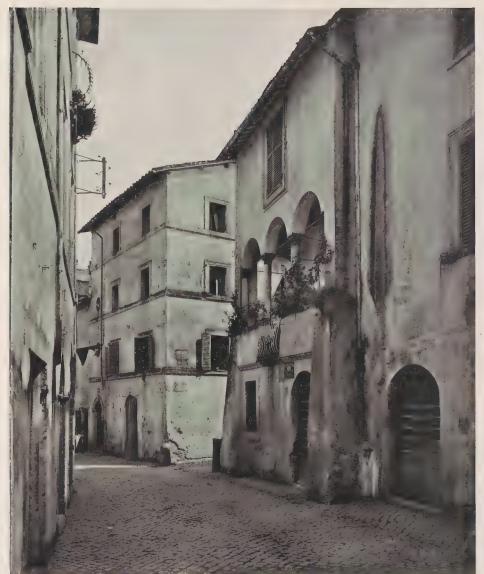
VILLA NEAR FIESOLI





FAÇADE OF THE DORIA PALACE, GENOA





LOGGIA AT SUTRI





POTTERY WORKS IN UMBRIA



FISH POND NORTH OF PERUGIA





WELL NEAR PERUGIA



OUTSIDE SIENNA





THRESHING GRAIN IN TUSCANY



FARMHOUSE NEAR THE RUBICON





GATE POSTS OF VILLA ON THE BRENTA



FARMHOUSE YARD WITH WELL, NEAR FLORENCE



SUMMER HOUSE ON ROAD NORTH OF FLORENCE



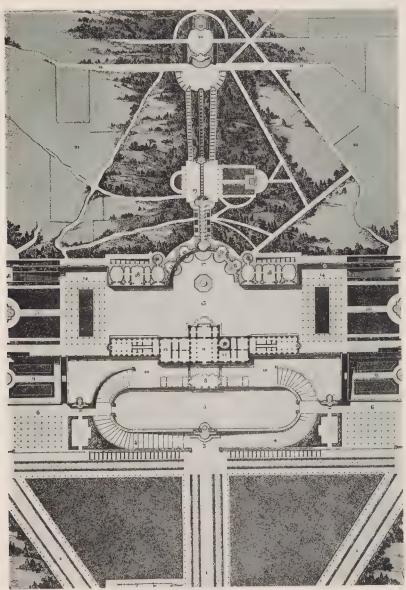
VILLA NEAR SPELLO





TILA NEAR FLORENC





VILLA ALDOBRANDINI, FRASCATI





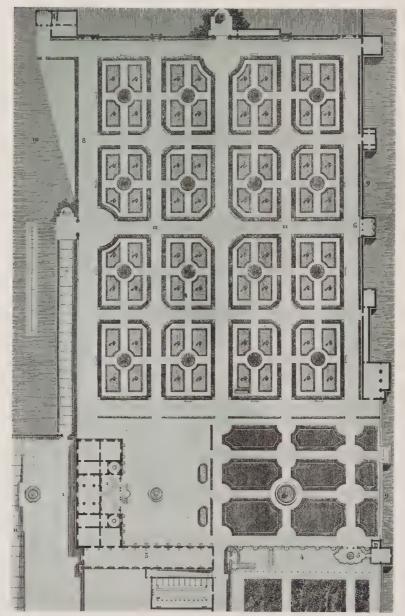
FOUNTAIN OF ATLAS IN THE VILLA ALDOBRANDINI, FRASCATI





VILLA ALDOBRANDINI, FRASCATI





VILLA MEDICI, ROME





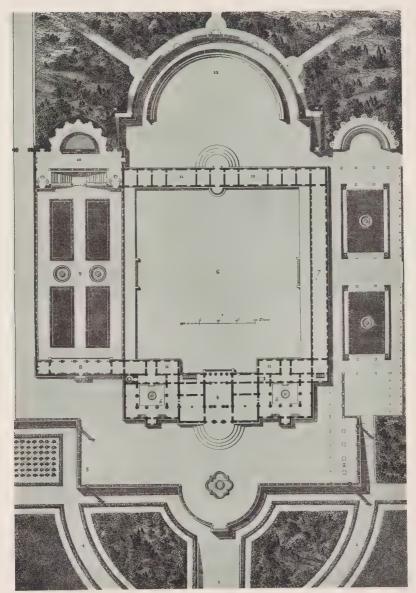
VILLA MEDICI, ROME





VILLA MEDICI, ROME





VILLA MONDRACONE, FRASCATI





VILLA MONDRAGONE, FRASCATI



VILLA MONDRAGONE, FRASCATI

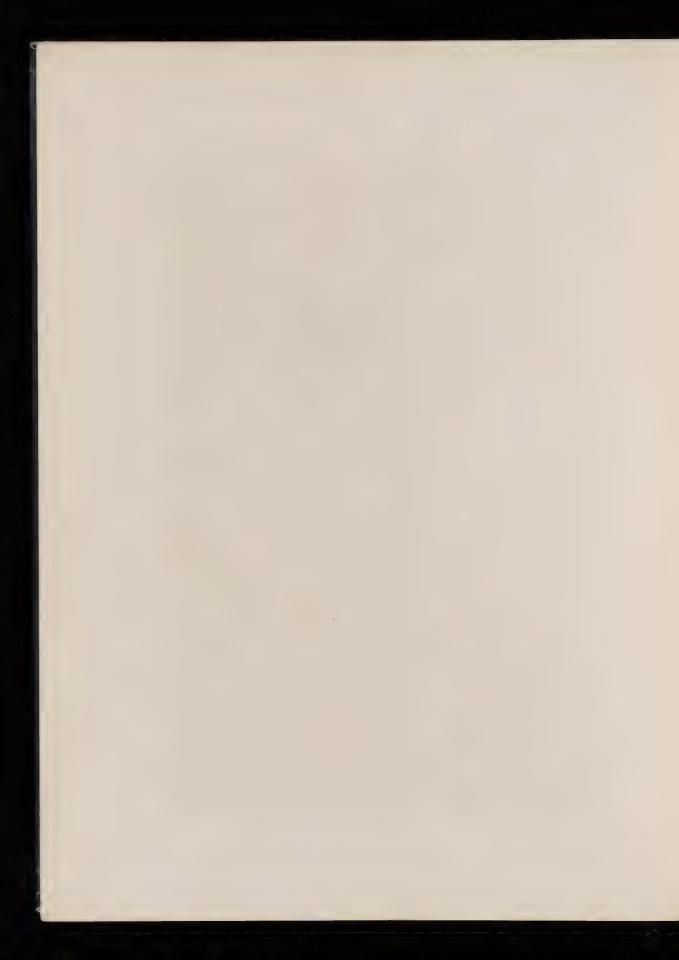


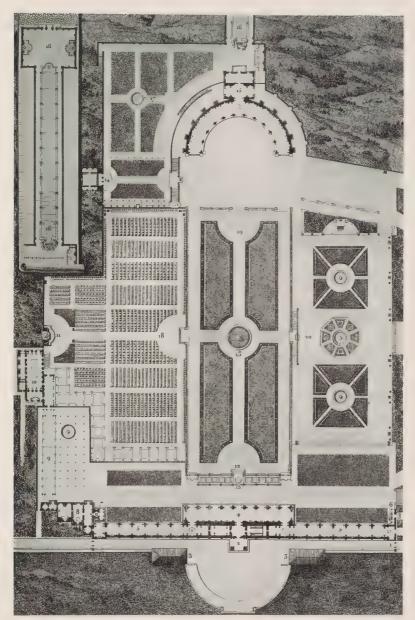


VILLA MONDRAGONE, FRASCATI



VILLA LANCELLOTTI, FRASCATI





VILLA ALBANI, ROME



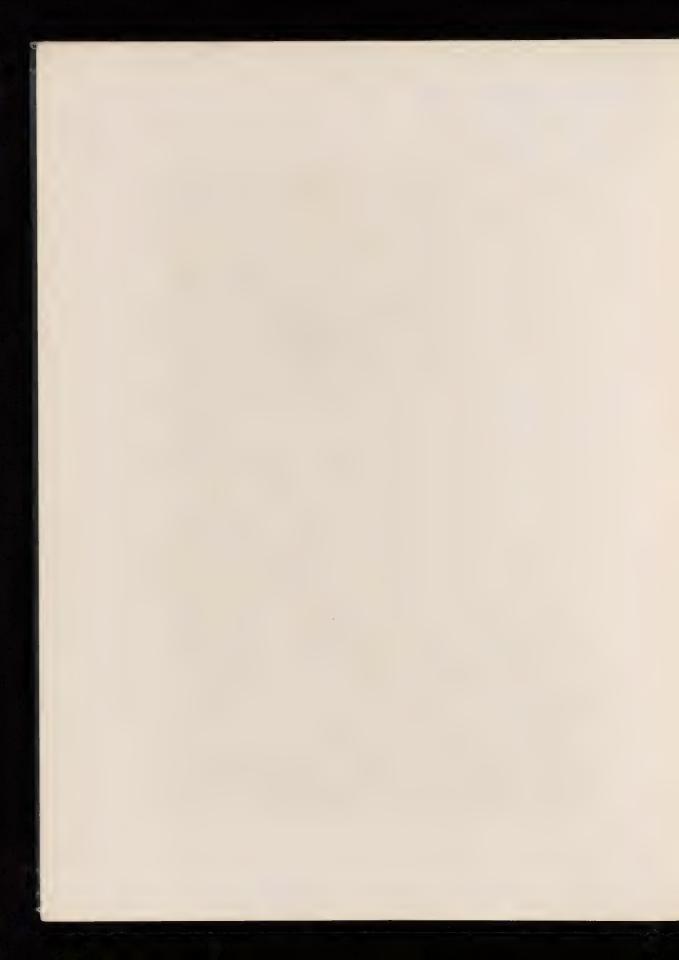


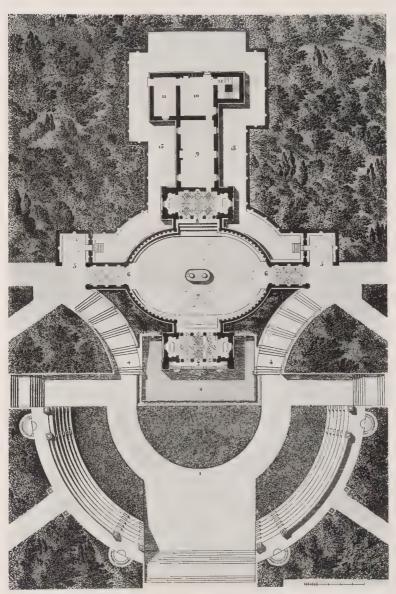
VILLA ALBANI, ROME



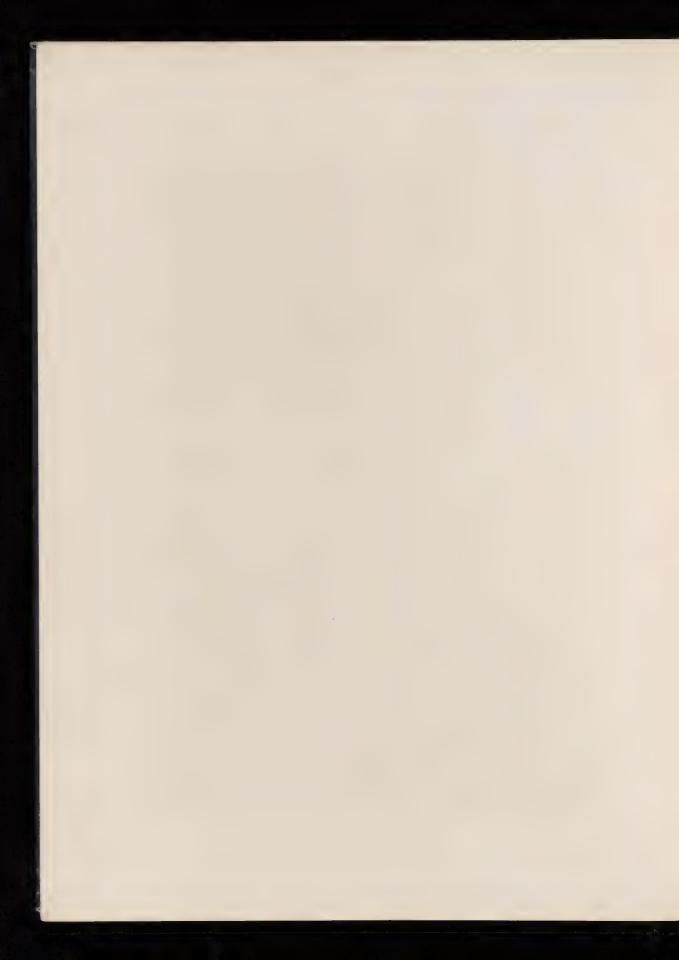


VILLA FALCONIERI, FRASCATI





VILLA PIA, ROME





VILLA PIA, VATICAN GARDENS, ROME

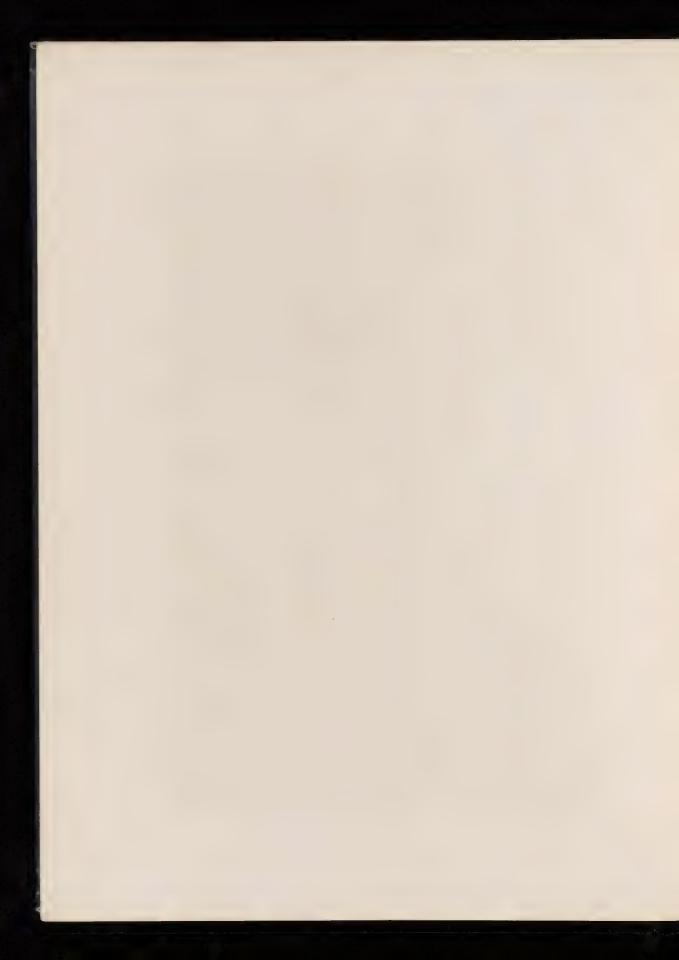


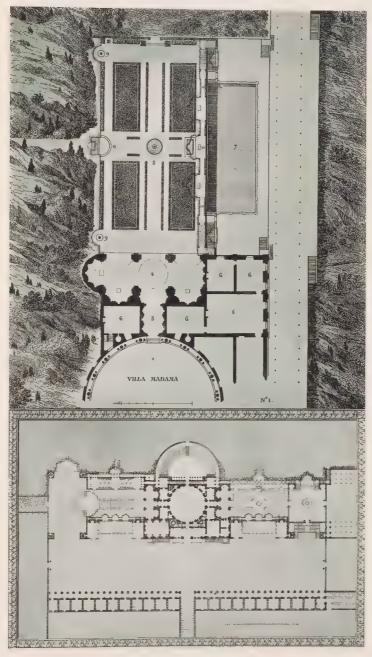


VILLA MADAMA, ROME

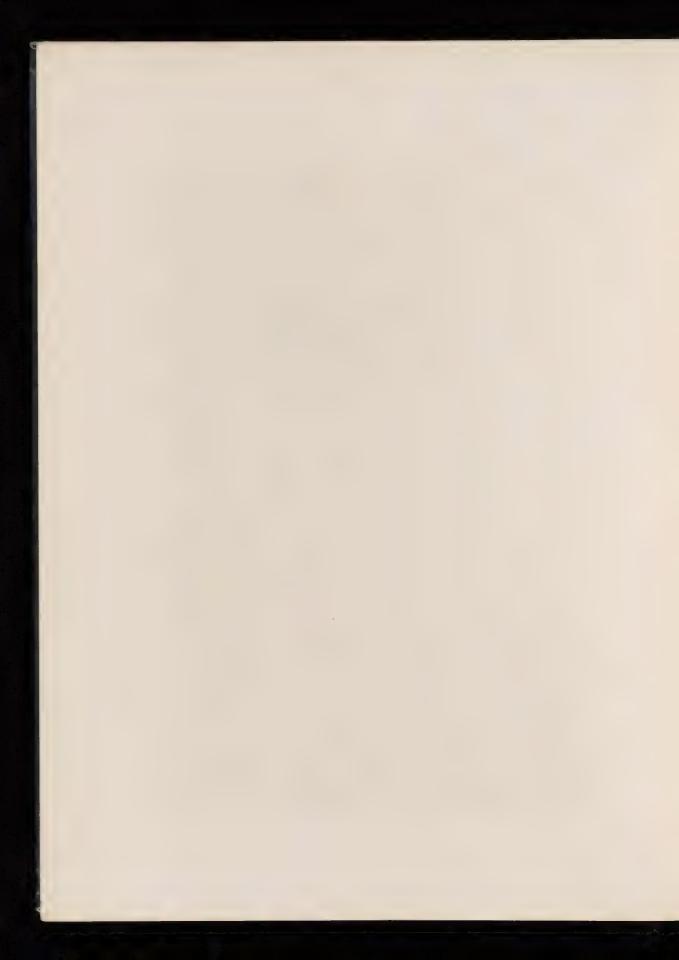


CLOISTER OF THE ABBEY, SAN FRUTTUOSO



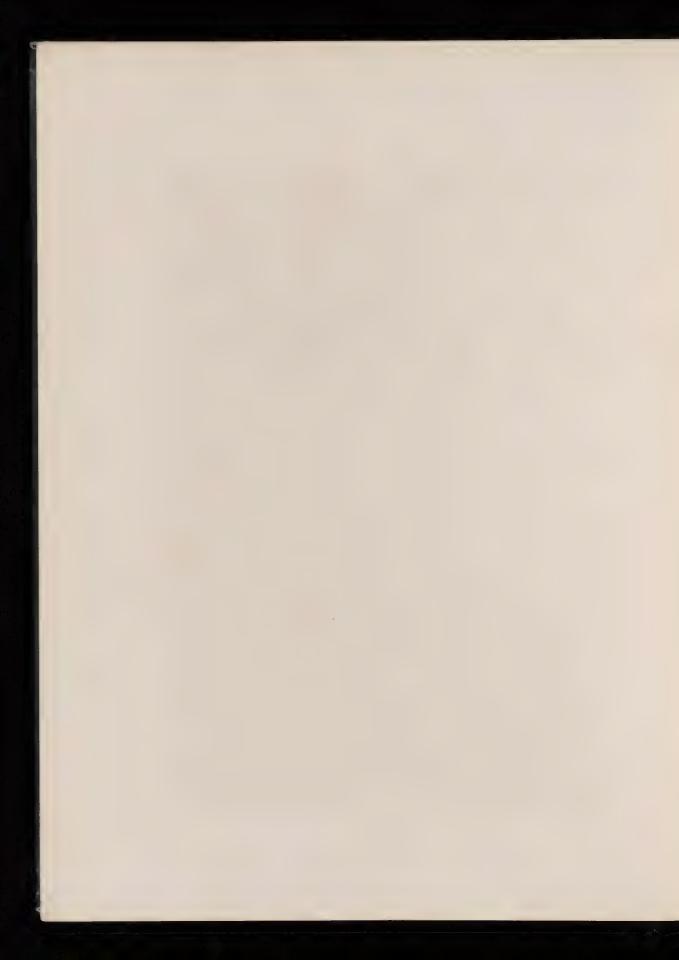


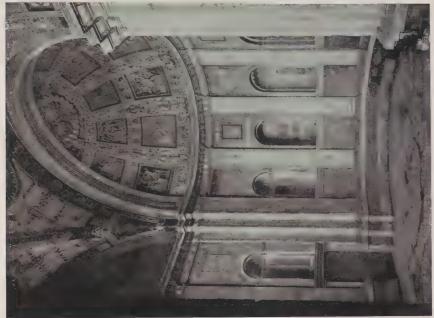
VILLA MADAMA, ROME





VILLA MADAMA, ROME





VILLA MADAMA, ROME



STUCCO DECORATIONS IN VILLA MADAMA





VILLA MADAMA, ROME

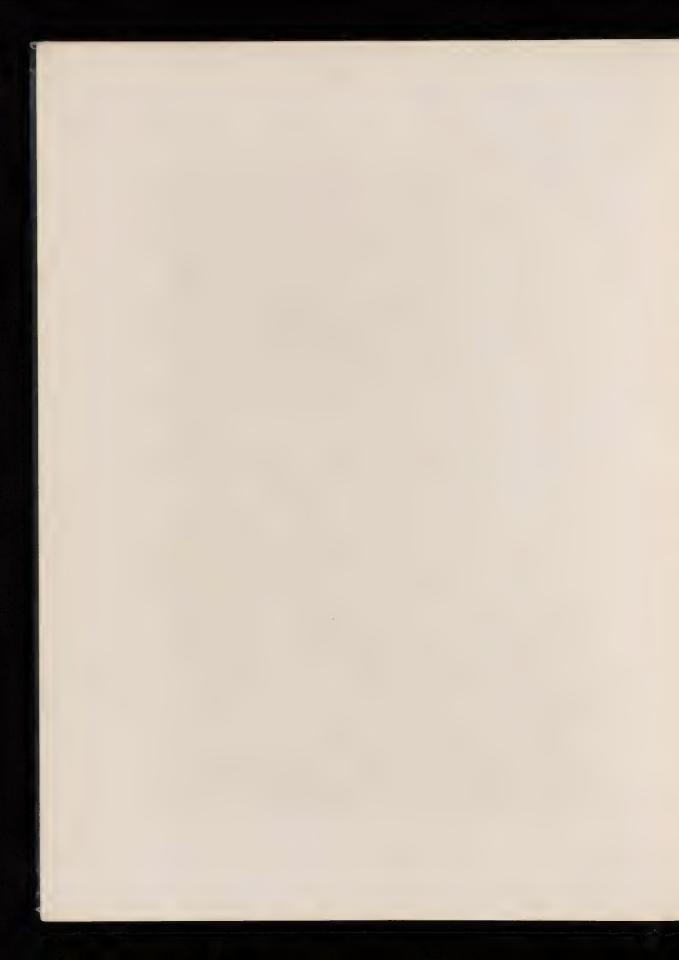


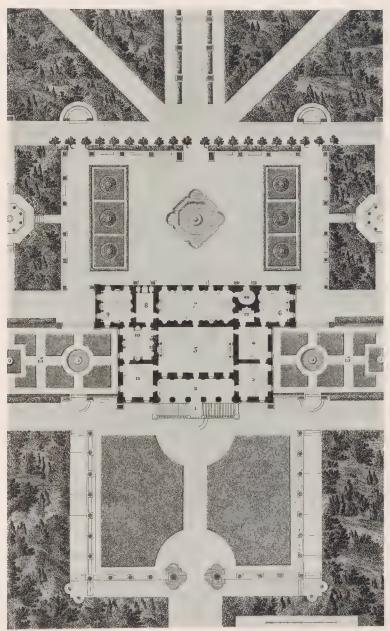
SMALL CASINO IN THE VILLA BORGHESE, ROME



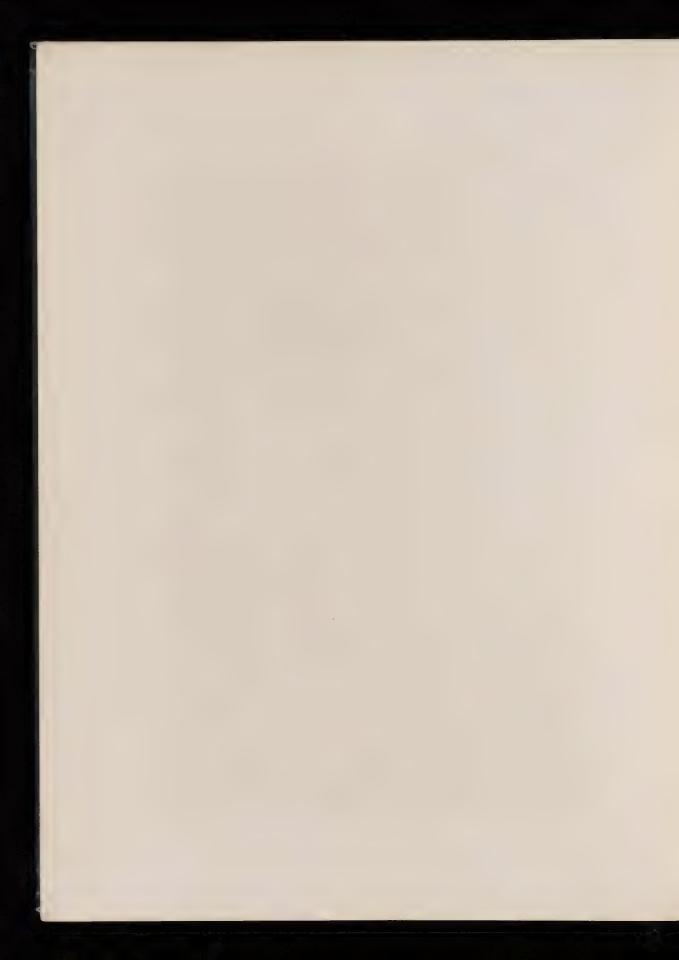


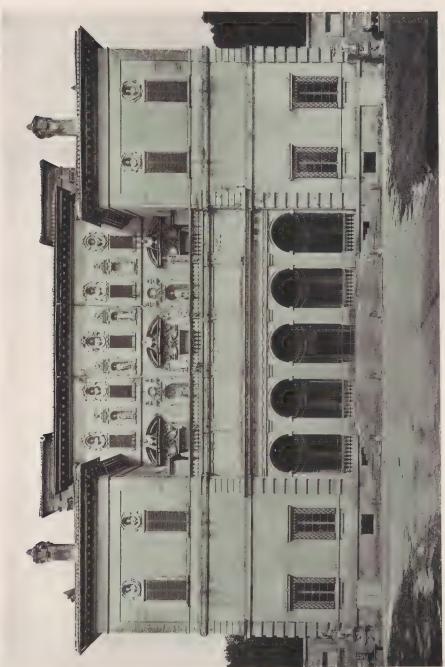
SMALL CASINO IN THE VILLA BORGHESE, ROME





VILLA BORGHESE, ROME



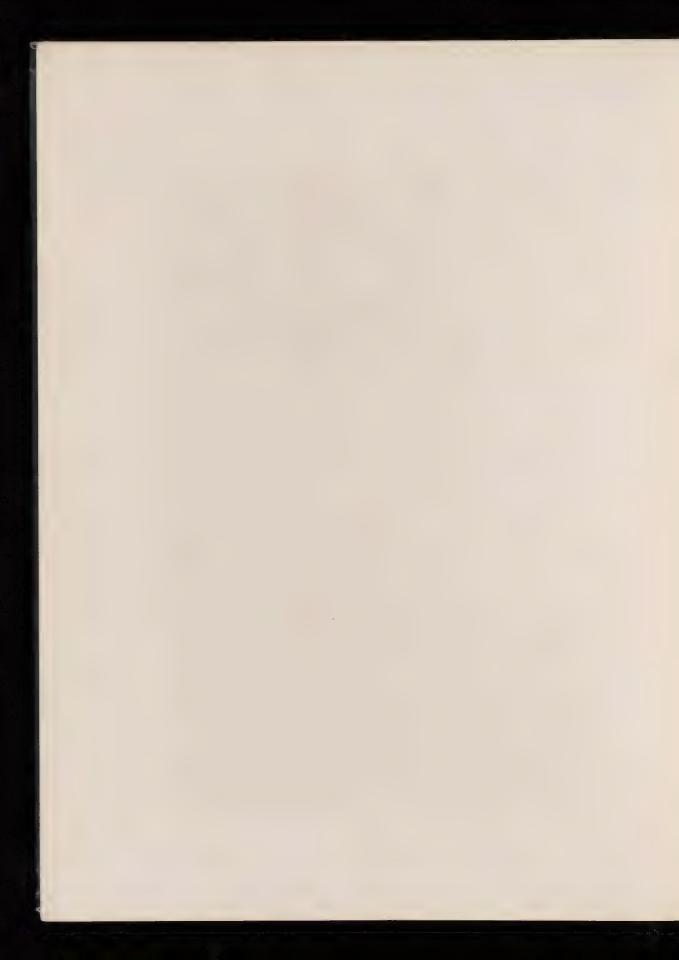


VILLA BORGHESE, ROME





VILLA BORGHESE, ROME





FOUNTAIN AT VILLA BORGHESE, ROME



SMALL FARM OUTSIDE PERUGIA



GARDEN GATE AT STRA, VENETIA



SMALL VILLA ON THE JANICULUM, ROME





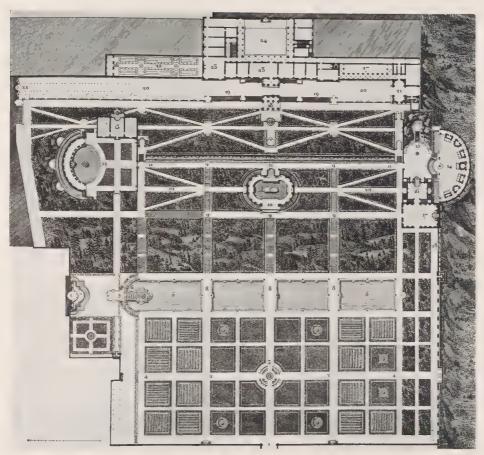
BALLUSTRADED SIDEWALKS OF A VILLA ON THE BRENTA



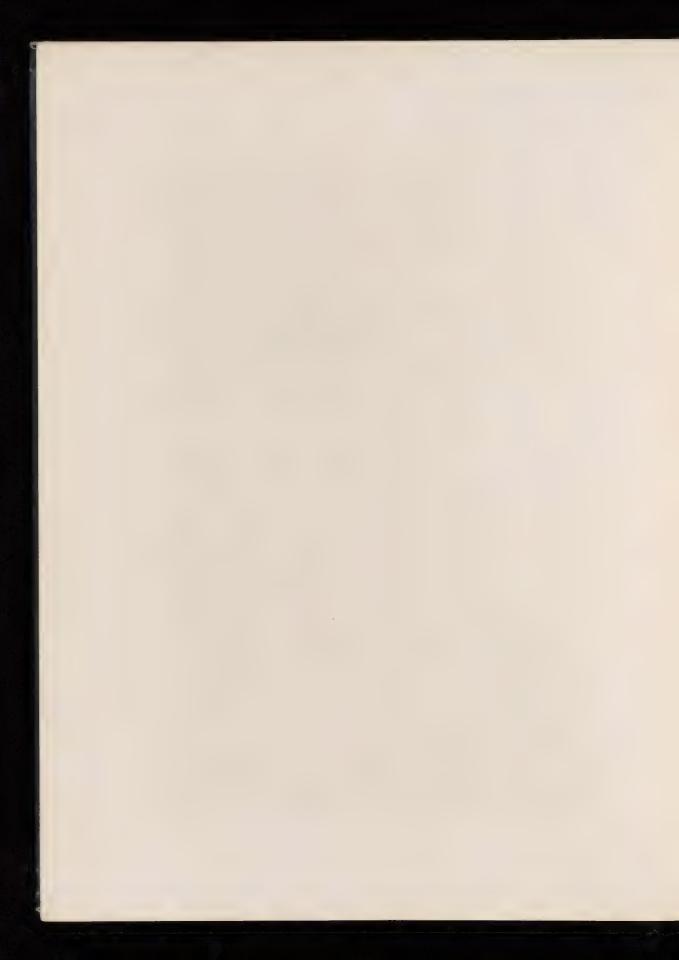


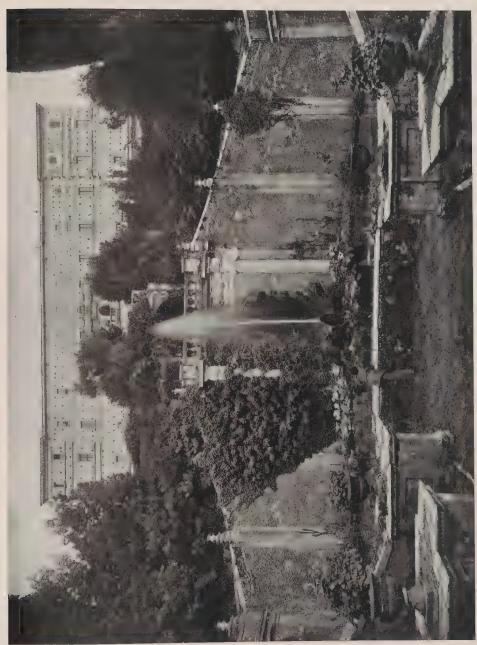
SUPERPOSED ARCHES AT PADUA





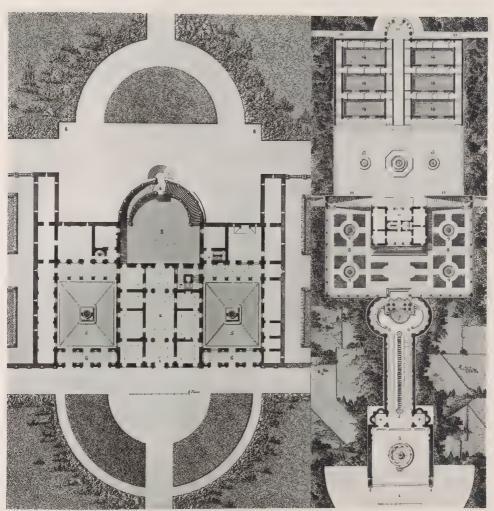
VILLA D'ESTE, TIVOLI





VILLA D'ESTE AT TIVOLI





VILLA TAVERNA

VILLA AT CAPRAROLA





PALAZZO CORSINI, FLORENCE



BASIN IN FRONT OF VILLA MEDICI, ROME





CASTLE AT RAPALLO



VILLAGE IN TUSCANY SURROUNDED BY FARMS



WORKMAN'S HUT IN UMBRIA



FARMER'S COTTAGE NEAR PERUGIA





IEW OF VILLA PALMIERI, FLORENCE, LOOKING TOWARD THE CASINO





VILLA PALMIERI, FLORENCE





CONVENT OF SAN FRANCESCO, FIESOLE. THE LITTLE CLOISTER





A LONG THE OR DAINEY





STEPS IN ASSIST



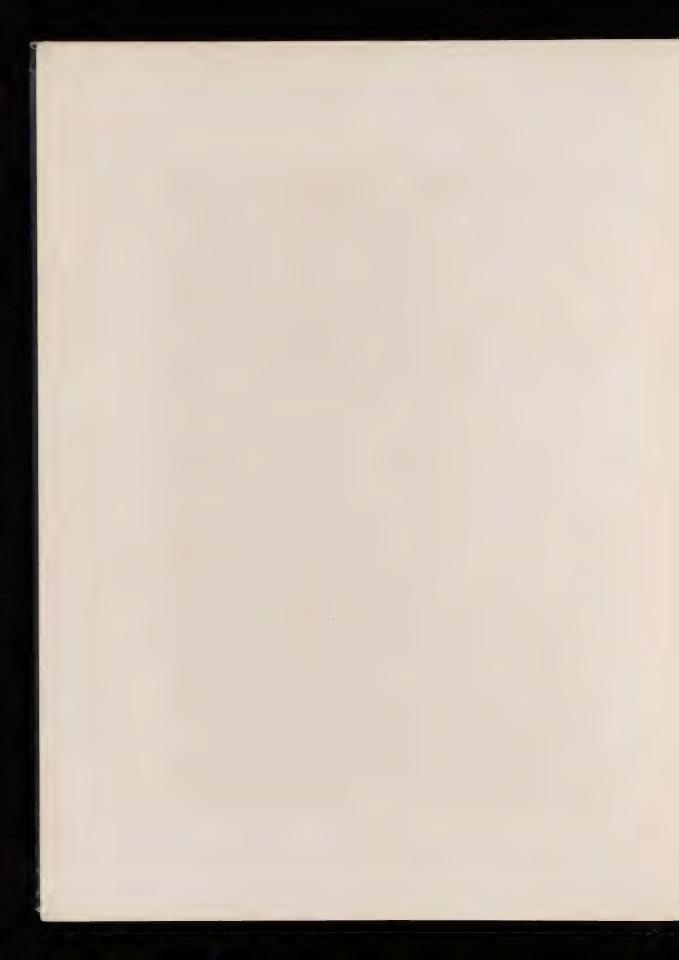
WINDOWS WITH ITALIAN BLINDS



VILLA ON THE BRENTA SHOWING SUPERPOSED ARCHES



LAKE COMO





VILLA MALCONTENTA ON THE BRENTA



VILLA ON THE BRENTA, NEAR MIRA





GARDEN GATE AT STRA, VENETIA





GROUP OF FARM BUILDINGS IN THE EMILIA



HOUSE NEAR PERUGIA





VII LA NEAR LUCCA



WALK ON TOP OF GARDEN WALL AT LUCCA



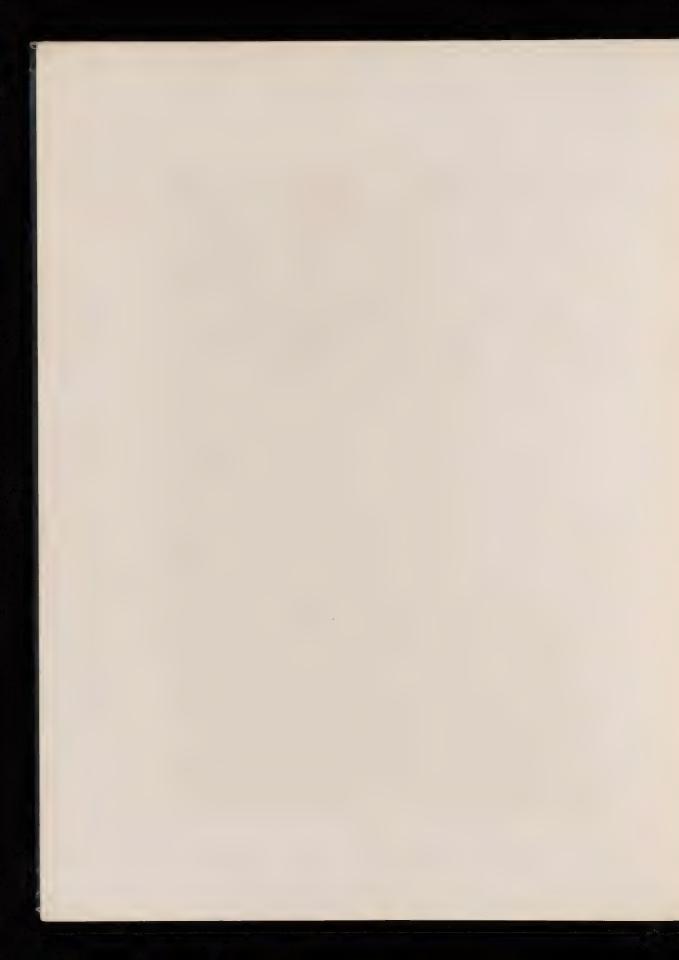


FARMHOUSE SOUTH OF BOLOGNA





HOUSE NEAR BOLOGN





HOUSE OUTSIDE TREVISO



HOUSE ON THE PADUA-VENICE ROAD





VILLA BALBIANELLO, LAKE COMO



VILLA BALBIANELLO, LAKE COMO



VARENNA ON LAKE COMO



VILLA BALBIANELLO, LAKE COMO, AT SUNSET





VILLA WITH REMAINS OF FORMAL GARDEN, AT SANTA MARIA DI SALA, VENETIA





FARMHOUSE IN VENETIA





SMALL HOUSE ON THE PADUA-VENICE ROAD





FARMHOUSE WITH CAMPANILE, AT MURELLE, VENETIA

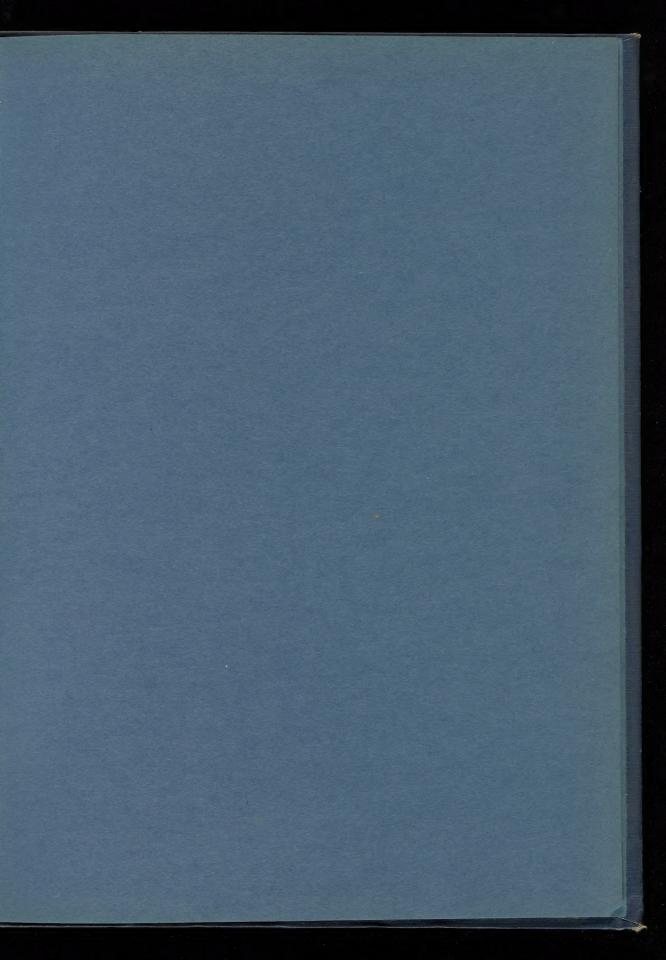


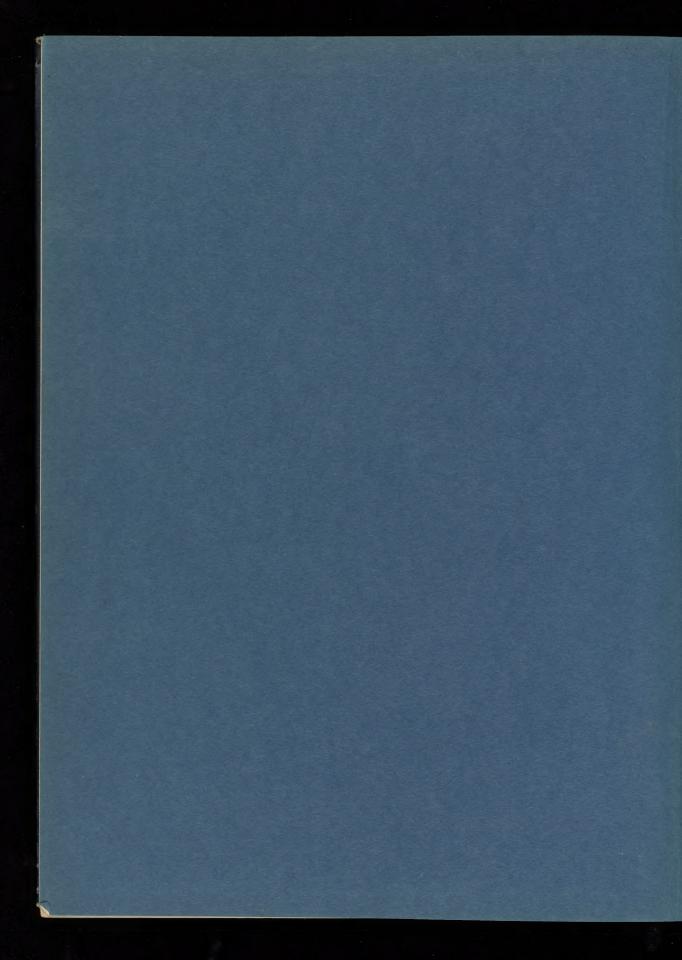
PEASANT HUT IN VENETIA



ENTRANCE TO HOUSE, SPELLO









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